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SOCIETY

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Elizabeth Wilson: summer in the city

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ROYAL COLLEGE OF NURSING

18-20th APRIL 1990

ST. DAVID HALL, CARDIFF

PROVISIONAL PROGRAMME

18th APRIL

2.00pm onwards — REGISTRATION

6.30pm — PRE- CONFERENCE RECEPTION
CARDIFF CASTLE

19th APRIL

8.00am onwards — REGISTRATION

9.00am — CHAIRMAN'S OPENING REMARKS
Sir Henry Yellowlees

9.30am — EPIDEMIOLOGY: THE GLOBAL SITUATION
Dr Jonathon Mann
Director, Global Programme on AIDS
World Health Organisation

10.15am — IMPLICATIONS FOR SOCIETY
Dr Faye Abdellah
Deputy Surgeon General and
Chief Nursing Officer
United States Public Health Service

11.00am — COFFEE AND EXHIBITION VIEWING

11.30am — THE CONTRIBUTION
OF THE VOLUNTARY SECTOR
Mr Christopher Spence
Director, London Lighthouse

12.00noon — NURSING PATIENTS WITH AIDS
Ms Jacqui Elliot
Middlesex Hospital, London

12.30pm — THE ROLE OF MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES
Mr Eddie Ramsden
Chief Environmental Health Officer
City of Swansea

1.00pm — LUNCH AND EXHIBITION VIEWING

2.30pm to 5.30pm — CONCURRENT SESSIONS
A series of papers and poster presentations chosen from those submitted to the Conference Planning Committee

7.30pm for 8.00 pm — CIVIC RECEPTION AND CONFERENCE DINNER
CITY HALL, CARDIFF

20th APRIL

8.00am onwards — REGISTRATION

9.00am — CHAIRMAN'S OPENING REMARKS
The Baroness Cox of Queensbury

9.15am — THE SOCIAL CONSEQUENCES OF THE CLINICAL PICTURE
Dr Anthony Pinching
Senior Lecturer and Consultant
Immunologist, London

10.00am — HIV AND DRUG ABUSE
Dr Ernst Bunning
Municipal Health Department, Amsterdam

10.45am — COFFEE AND EXHIBITION VIEWING

11.15am — A FAMILY DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE
Dr Joe Robertson
Edinburgh Drug Addiction Study

11.45am — EXPERIENCE WITH CHILDREN
Speaker to be announced

12.15pm — A THIRD WORLD PERSPECTIVE
Speaker to be announced

12.45pm — LUNCH AND EXHIBITION VIEWING

2.15pm — CONCURRENT SESSIONS
A series of papers and poster presentations chosen from those submitted to the Conference Planning Committee

3.30pm — TEA AND EXHIBITION VIEWING

4.00pm — AN OVERVIEW OF CURRENT RESEARCH AND ITS IMPLICATIONS FOR THE FUTURE
Dr Robert Gallo
National Institute of Health,
Bethesda, USA

5.00pm — CHAIRMAN'S CLOSING REMARKS
The Baroness Cox of Queensbury

FEES

For bookings received PRIOR TO 31st OCTOBER 1989 the fee for the Conference will be £250. Thereafter the fee for the Conference will be £270. The fee includes attendance at all Conference Sessions, exhibition viewing, coffee and tea on each day and attendance at the pre-conference Reception, the Civic Reception and Conference Dinner (Note: there are only a limited number of places available at the dinner. Once these places are filled those registering after that time will receive a refund of the appropriate proportion of the conference fee).

Cheques, or in the case of delegates from outside the UK bankers drafts (in sterling only) should be made payable to the Royal College of Nursing.

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It is possible to attend the conference on a daily basis and the fee WHICH DOES NOT INCLUDE THE PRE-CONFERENCE RECEPTION OR CONFERENCE DINNER is £100 per day if booked PRIOR TO 31st OCTOBER 1989 or £110 per day thereafter.

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AIDS: THE CHALLENGE FOR THE COMMUNITY - 18-20 APRIL 1990. ST DAVID'S HALL, CARDIFF

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Due to a paper shortage, *NSS* has temporarily had to be cut back to 48 pages. Apologies to our readers. Normal service will be resumed as soon as possible

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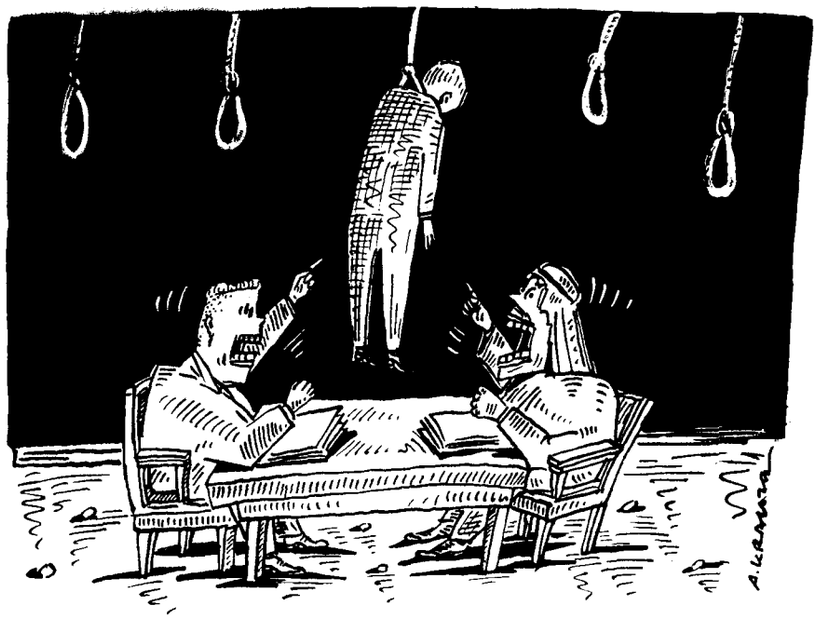
EDITORIAL

Heart of the matter

Beyond the hostage crisis, a Middle East peace settlement, with a Palestinian state, is a possibility



Andrzej Krauze

The present hostage crisis in the Middle East will probably burn itself out fairly quickly. Or at least, what the world's media perceive as crisis will vanish again from our screens. More hostages may die; but not many, for a dead hostage is not an asset to his captors. Meanwhile, with rather less publicity, a few Palestinians—probably very young, and very likely guilty of nothing worse than throwing stones—will be killed in Israel's occupied territories. With less publicity still, the Syrian army will kill some Lebanese, and some more Lebanese will kill each other. And with no publicity at all, an uncountable number throughout the Middle East will die, quite simply, from poverty: from malnutrition, and from diseases which a fraction of the region's arms bill would prevent or cure.

The heart of the regional pathology is still the struggle between Israel and the Palestinians. Indeed the centrality of that conflict, linking and shadowing all the other miseries of the Middle East, stands in sharper relief as other confrontations fade. And it is clearer than ever before that until there is a settlement of the Palestinian question there cannot be stability anywhere in the region, from Cairo to Tehran.

To recognise this is not to blame Israel for all the ills of the Levant. Israeli policy has nonetheless acted as catalyst for all the area's crises: sometimes, and increasingly during the 1980s, by its own actions; perhaps more often by providing an alibi for every Arab crime or error.

Hatred of Israel, partly for its own sake, partly as symbol of western domination, fuels the fires of Lebanese factionalism and Shia fanaticism. Much of this is wholly unappeasable, not to be cured by anything Israelis can do. But a just settlement for the Palestinians would at least destroy the alibi. The political energies and economic resources of the Arab world could turn at last to succour their own poor and oppressed. Cooperation between Arab states could begin to build on positive common interests rather than the negative unifier of anti-Israeli rhetoric. The long-stifled drive for Arab democracy could be renewed. A start could even be made on healing the wounds of the Lebanon. There would no longer be any excuse for the Arab world not to try these things. But without a Palestinian settlement none of them will happen.

Such a settlement is now possible. At last all the main Arab actors, including the PLO, favour a negotiated solution. The USSR has long declared itself willing to cooperate in an international Middle East peace conference. The incentives for the US to follow suit grow weekly, not least because Israel is no longer a valuable prop for American interests in the region, but overwhelmingly a liability.

To push Israel's rulers to the negotiating table will require much stronger pressure than the USA or European powers have ever yet exerted. Some senior politicians and diplomats, in Britain and elsewhere, are already talking off the record about economic sanctions. Full-blown sanctions are a very clumsy weapon; and the equation between Israel and South Africa which they imply would still, despite the recent brutalities of the Israeli army, be unjust. However, economic pressure short of full sanctions can be exerted. Both Britain and the European Community have a range of preferential trade and other agreements with Israel. Many of these come up for renewal in the near future. It could be made clear that their continuation would depend on changes in Israeli policy towards the territories.

There are also legal measures that could be taken. Israel's behaviour in the occupied territories clearly breaches the Fourth Geneva Convention on the protection of civilians during wartime. Britain, the USA and other Geneva signatories have a clear right, and some would argue a duty, to initiate legal action—even in their own courts, against individual Israeli military personnel—over breaches of the Convention. Such action would be, politically and practically, very difficult to carry through; but its threat would have a powerful demonstration effect. Pressure of these kinds is of course open to the charge of double standards, punishing Israel when far worse human rights offenders—not least the butchers of Beirut—go unharmed. But it pays Israel's government the compliment—by no means self-evidently deserved—of treating it as a rational player in the game of states, and as a state bound by democratic and legal norms. And concerted international pressure for a settlement would, not least, be in Israel's best interests. The occupation is slowly but surely destroying Israel itself, as its own democratic left has long recognised. Without a just and lasting Palestinian solution democracy cannot grow anywhere in the Middle East. Nor can it survive in Israel, its one, increasingly battered regional home.

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Sporting lives

As the Test team surrendered again this week, English cricket's scarred veterans decided to pocket bundles of South African cash for another rebel tour. Before we mouth the ritual liberal curse, consider the case of Jack Richards, eager to tour but not selected. Last year's wicket-keeper for England against West Indies, he found himself sacked by both his country and his county team. Excluded from the professional game, he now works as a clerk in Holland. The South African Cricket Union's purse would have been the best, if not the last, chance to turn his sole outstanding skill to profit. No excuse, but a glimpse into the sad penumbra of fear and failure that stretches beyond the tabloid highs and lows of sporting life.

Professionals in the team games of Empire—cricket, soccer, rugby league—too easily slip into the role of pampered infants, to be thrown on the streets once they lose their fast-fading charm. The culture of sport they inhabit fosters vacant obedience and low-level avarice, except at that privileged margin where post-Oxbridge cricketers dabble for a few years prior to settling into their niche at Bar or boardroom. For the rest, the years of success mimic and exaggerate the earning curve of the old working-class, with its unrepeatable peak in the mid-20s. Meanwhile, back-page heroes must doff their caps to the barnacled toffs who manage cricket, or the vainglorious spivs who buy and sell football clubs. Save for a handful of superstars, ahead lies a retirement full of minor-league celebrity scratch jobs as reps or pundits, and a long aftermath as the once-famous guv'nor of a country pub. No wonder that, for so many sporting idols, hard decisions are often ducked as soon as stumps are drawn and whistles blown. Sport's slow-witted institutions encourage their short-sightedness. And the same narrow professionalism that fired their triumphs on the field leads straight to mediocrity away from it.

Elastoplast politics

The summer recess this year is not not going to be an easy time for the SLD's nine MPs. The state of their new hybrid party has reduced the influence of local councillors and grassrooters and thrust the national leaders into unprecedented possibilities. The role they decide to play at their conference in Brighton in September—to slip in behind Paddy Ashdown and continue as before, or to back a frontal assault on the party's name, form and direction—will give the dwindling membership the lead it is desperate to find.

None of the MPs is so far willing to come out as the leader of a "new force" in the party. David Alton, Liverpool's Catholic MP, has gone so far out on his limb that the party has lost sight of him. Yet all are aware of the need to act. With the party level-pegging with the tiny SDP in the polls at just 4 per cent, all fear that they will lose their seats. Even those on the Celtic fringes who thought they were immune to swings of political fashion are now alarmed.

Despite Paddy Ashdown's jaunty assurance that the party is still doing well at local levels, members are sceptical about the solidity of this vote. The SLD failed to hold their seat at Burmantofts long held by Maggie Clay, leader of the Liberal councillors before she recently resigned. For members who saw union with the social democrats as the party's only route to success, the lead is not going to come from Michael Meadowcroft's tiny breakaway Liberal Party. That party identifies David Steel as the gravedigger for British Liberalism, and retains a belief in the historic destiny of liberalism which the association with social democracy can only deflect. Their strategy is to be the catalyst that will lead to the reunification of the party (which means, in effect, the subordination of the social democrat wing), and restoring its historic mission. For this, they urgently need the defection from the Ashdown camp of a key MP or two.

Newsroom ghouls

Critics of the press often don't make sufficient allowance for the speed at which decisions are taken in newspaper offices. The editors who chose whether or not to use the photographs of death and suffering at Hillsborough had nothing to go on but their own immediate gut feelings. None of them knew what their competitors were going to do.

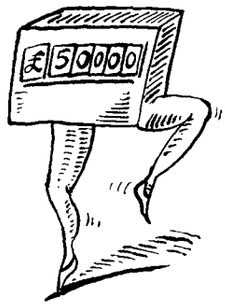
But the Press Council's view—that it is OK to print nasty pictures taken from a distance but not those in close up—is short on conceptual rigour, and doesn't even give a useable rule of thumb. The day the ruling was reported, newspapers had to make a similar decision: whether or not to publish the (close up) pictures of the hanged US colonel, William Higgins. The *Times*, *Guardian*, *Telegraph*, *Express* and *Mail* chose not to. The *Star*, *Mirror*, *Today*, and *Independent* all put the photo on the front page. The *Sun* put it on page two.

Not much pattern there. Is the *Independent* really more sensational than the *Mail*? Why did David Montgomery, editor of *Today*, display less restraint than Kelvin Mackenzie of the *Sun*—especially since Montgomery is forever popping up on radio and television to berate his tabloid colleagues? Now that Mackenzie has performed public self-criticism over Hillsborough, is the *Sun* more responsible than the *Mirror* (whose headline on Tuesday was "We'll hang Waite today" compared with the *Sun*'s marginally better "Waite: will he be next?")? If it shows anything, other than yet another triumph for postmodernism, it's that the press will never agree on standards of taste, and it's probably futile of the Press Council to try to define any.

High noon for Hatters?

The case for electoral reform has long held the moral high ground of British politics. Latterly the demand for change has captured ever more of the intellectual heights also. Independent-minded observers have come to see that our electoral system is not only unfair but irrational, debilitating to the whole political culture. Only the two big parties remained to be convinced. And now that too is changing: Labour's annual conference in October will have at least 40 resolutions before it on PR; more than on any subject except the environment and defence.

It is widely recognised that the old corrupt system no longer serves even Labour's short-term pragmatic interests. But there is also, and more importantly, a new responsiveness in Labour's ranks to the appeal of democratic principle. Most ordinary party members genuinely believe in fairness, and have woken to the fact that our unreformed system flouts all the values they profess. Labour's policy review tried to dismiss the whole PR issue out of hand: a stance dictated mostly by Roy Hattersley. No doubt there will be a further effort at stifling the reformers between now and October. All the old tricks of agenda management and conference fixing will be brought into play, to push through Hattersley's *fait accompli*. That too must be beaten, if necessary by revolt from the conference floor. If the cost of a victory for electoral reform is the public humiliation of Hattersley, then so be it. He will have only himself to blame.



Business sponsorship of the arts leads to some unlikely partnerships. Pity Ballet Central, the peripatetic dance group, who, in return for £50,000, have been forced to become "British Gas Ballet Central". "With 17 million customers and 80,000 employees distributed right across the country British Gas makes a point of bringing greater amenity through sponsorship to the widest geographical outreach," burbles the press release. "I can only applaud the vision that this new partnership promises," adds Derek Jacobi, through (presumably) gritted teeth.

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LETTERS

After Rushdie

When the crisis over the *The Satanic Verses* first broke, my reflex response, like that of many black radicals and atheists, was one of anger. I found myself cursing the bigots and signing a newspaper advertisement in Rushdie's support, though I felt very disturbed at the price paid subsequently with lives in India and Pakistan. But the events of the past months have drawn me inexorably closer to the protesters against *The Satanic Verses*. All sorts of racists are crawling out of the woodwork to clarify a more important prior division between white societies and blacks, transcending any disagreements within white society itself. The astonishing flight from elementary logic in the face of satanic, black, masculine forces by the heavyweight feminist intelligentsia has been pointed out by Homi Bhabha ("Down among the writers", 28 July).

I was not born a Muslim, but I have to say that we blacks are all Muslims now. I feel a real sense of emotional oneness with the "smelly, dark aliens" who made the utterly assimilated Asian, woman novelist Bharati Mukherjee "feel physically and emotionally harassed" by their mere arrival in Canada (*Guardian*, July 19).

The discussions which are taking place over the liberation of Muslim women, integration and assimilation (nonsensical in the black/white context) are all based on the pre-conceptions of the dominant racist culture, though that does not seem to perturb some black participants to this poignant debate. The laughable intellectual contortions implied have been analysed by Homi Bhabha. Which British culture should one meekly embrace, for instance? The imperial one I suspect. I hope it is not too offensive to remind these nice people that civilised, western governments have been assisting Muslim fundamentalism since the 1950s as a bulwark against secular, democratic movements in the Middle East and elsewhere and in the cause of cheap oil.

Most white people would, in their heart of hearts, prefer black people to adopt European, western values. To be a European, however, is to affirm white racial superiority, a fundamental tenet of many centuries of history and culture. A black person who adopts western cultural norms must therefore hate other black people, and themselves. Is this why nobody remembers the interference with the private parts of Asian women by white officialdom at Heathrow? What kind of liberation exactly are Fay Weldon, Jo Richardson and government-funded black feminist organisations talking about? Perhaps they have in mind the impact of white cultural perceptions and practices when white control is less inhibited by local political complications: rape by white slave owners, or more recent patterns of cross-cultural sexual interaction in Thailand and the Philippines? Will the most deprived of Asian women have relief from racial attacks once they are liberated, or does it not matter because those particular ones are especially smelly and dark? Or, is degradation and contempt by white society preferable to oppression by your own smelly menfolk. I sniff at myself and hope it offends.

The controversial Indian author Nirad Chaudhuri was absolutely right when he spoke about the unease and ambiguity of South Asians about their racial identity. For reasons which would take too long to explain this problem seems to apply with greater force to the Asian woman, and hence their failure to distinguish between liberation, and liberation within and in alliance with the dominant racist culture. The dominant group has always found it easier to accommodate the less threatening socially subordinate female from another culture than the predatory male. Conversely, collaboration is the strategy of survival of particular groups among the oppressed when the oppressor ascribes differentiated status to them. Malcolm X made a relevant distinction in this regard between the house nigger and the field nigger.

I, for one, will not attack my kin in alliance with racist white "neighbours", under the protection of Thatcher's police because my oppressed, besieged kin take refuge in ideas and practices with which I profoundly disagree—these are the same people who weep for me even as they infuriate me—and certainly not to defend Mr Rushdie's freedom of speech and enhanced royalties. This is war and our priorities have to be different.

I would like to add in conclusion, to underline the perversity of the real world, that the few friends to whom I would turn to in a crisis are mostly white.

Gautam Sen
Houghton Street
London WC2

Kicking habits

As someone with experience of both sides of Scotland's "religious" divide, may I be permitted to make some comments on Stuart Cosgrove's article ("Kicking tradition", 21 July). I grew up in a staunch (not devout) Catholic family in a staunch Protestant area. In 1987 I left the Catholic Church for the Scottish Episcopal Church while studying Divinity at Glasgow.

I agree that Glasgow Rangers' decision to sign "MoJo" is quite remarkable. I do not, however, attribute it to quite as much altruism and nationalistic spirit as Mr Cosgrove would appear to. Surely it must have occurred to Glasgow Rangers that by signing Johnston they could make their turnover to signing a Catholic stick in the throats of the very critics who have so long demanded that they do so; or am I reading something too deeply into it? (Something Cosgrove himself does in his untenable assertion that ... "the nation sees the business affairs of Glasgow Rangers as an embodiment of Scotland's place within enterprise culture.")

It is extremely difficult to discern any connection between the Rangers-Celtic sectarianism and Christianity, no matter how much imagination one might choose to apply. What seems more certain is that the Glasgow-Rangers "Auld Firm" has became a religion on its own; worshipping a god which has more to say about violence, hatred and suspicion than enterprise and hope for the future. One only has to look at the enormous Orange marches in the city every July to see that. The contradiction of holding a bible in one hand and attacking anyone wearing anything faintly green with the other seems not to have dawned on them.

Religious difference is a fact of life, yes. It has, however, long since ceased to be a religion with any reference to humanity. To credit this story with an importance socially for all of Scotland not only insults those of us who reject this childish relic of the 19th century; but adds credibility to an inhumanity which merits no place in a Scottish democracy. The sign of the cross before the Rangers end of a pitch would be only one more empty vessel in the whitewashed tomb of denominational inhumanity that has plagued Scottish football.

James McManus
Grange Road
Middlesbrough

A new term of abuse

Tom Nairn writes of Mrs Thatcher's "profound southern English indifference to the state" ("Radicalism: rock borers at work", 14 July). What is meant by "southern" here? Presumably not the barracks towns or navy ports of the south, nor the plush suburbs of the senior civil servants. In the context of the rest of the article, which describes Mrs Thatcher's non-conformist small business background in Grantham, and attacks the old patrician state structure, would not "northern" have been a more appropriate word?

Future dictionary compilers may note Tom Nairn's article as the first case where "southern" was used as a term of abuse without any geographical sense.

Matthew Huntbach
Atkinson Road
London E16

Experts and victims

First, just what (or whose) purpose is served by quoting from a silly and forgotten novel which Stuart Bell wrote some years ago, and which has no relevance to the Cleveland affair? If innuendoes are unacceptable in Dr Higgs's case (as of course they are), then this kind of belittling irrelevance should be unacceptable too.

Secondly, we find it hard to believe that we are the only readers of the two-part interview with Dr Higgs ("Breaking the silence", 17 July, "What went wrong", 21 July) to be

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struck by the editorial assumption (left unargued) that we must all sympathise with her plight, as well as by her disturbing inability to give straight answers whenever Ms Roberts suggests she has any responsibility at all for what happened. She is right to say that "clearly, professionals tried to deal with this problem on their own", but why be so coyly vague?

We do not wish to make her a scapegoat, or anyone else involved, and we dissociate ourselves from the views of Mr Bell and others, whose kneejerk hostility mirrors the kneejerk support of Beatrix Campbell and her comrades. But surely elementary considerations of social justice would suggest that those given privilege and power as "experts" (whether doctors, social workers or politicians), should take the blame when things go so wrong; just as they take the credit when things go right. We would feel somewhat more enlightened if we could hear more from people like the anonymous woman who contributed two excellent pieces on her experiences at the receiving end of all this expertise ("Torn apart at home", 1 June 1988, "Abused by the experts", 2 June 1989) and somewhat less from the experts, who all too often allow such people to be lost sight of among the accusations and counter-accusations, the purism of theory and the confusion of practice. As (for instance) with racial attacks, so with sexual abuse: isn't the empowering of the "victims" more important than the building of careers?

Patrick Heenan & Monique Lamontagne
Brunswick Square
London WC1N

Democracy deficit

I enjoyed Jolyon Jenkins' article on computerisation of immigration control; ("Foreign exchange", 28 July) but I don't feel he put enough stress on the secrecy with which these decisions are being taken. The point about the Schengen and Trevi group meetings is that, formally speaking, they are nothing to do with the European Community, even though exactly the same ministers meet each other through these groups as do through the EC. As a result, the checks and balances that the Community usually provides don't apply to Schengen/Trevi meetings; nor are they open to public scrutiny. They are, in effect, secret shadows of the EC.

Douglas Hurd, who is a member of the Trevi group, will say that this is because the Community isn't able to take decisions relating to "third party" nationals—like refugees—so they have to be taken in a different forum. That may be so; but there is nothing to stop the European parliament taking a view on what is happening. The fact that the parliament has chosen not to get involved is yet another example of the "democracy deficit" in Europe.

Incidentally, Jenkins quotes a figure of 10,000 pieces of intelligence information received by the immigration service each year. This doesn't seem like an enormous amount. Is it correct?

Nigel Stokes
Bromley Road
London SE6

Jolyon Jenkins writes: Mr Stokes is right: the 10,000 figure does not apply to the whole of the immigration service, but only to ISIS house, its London office. Sorry.

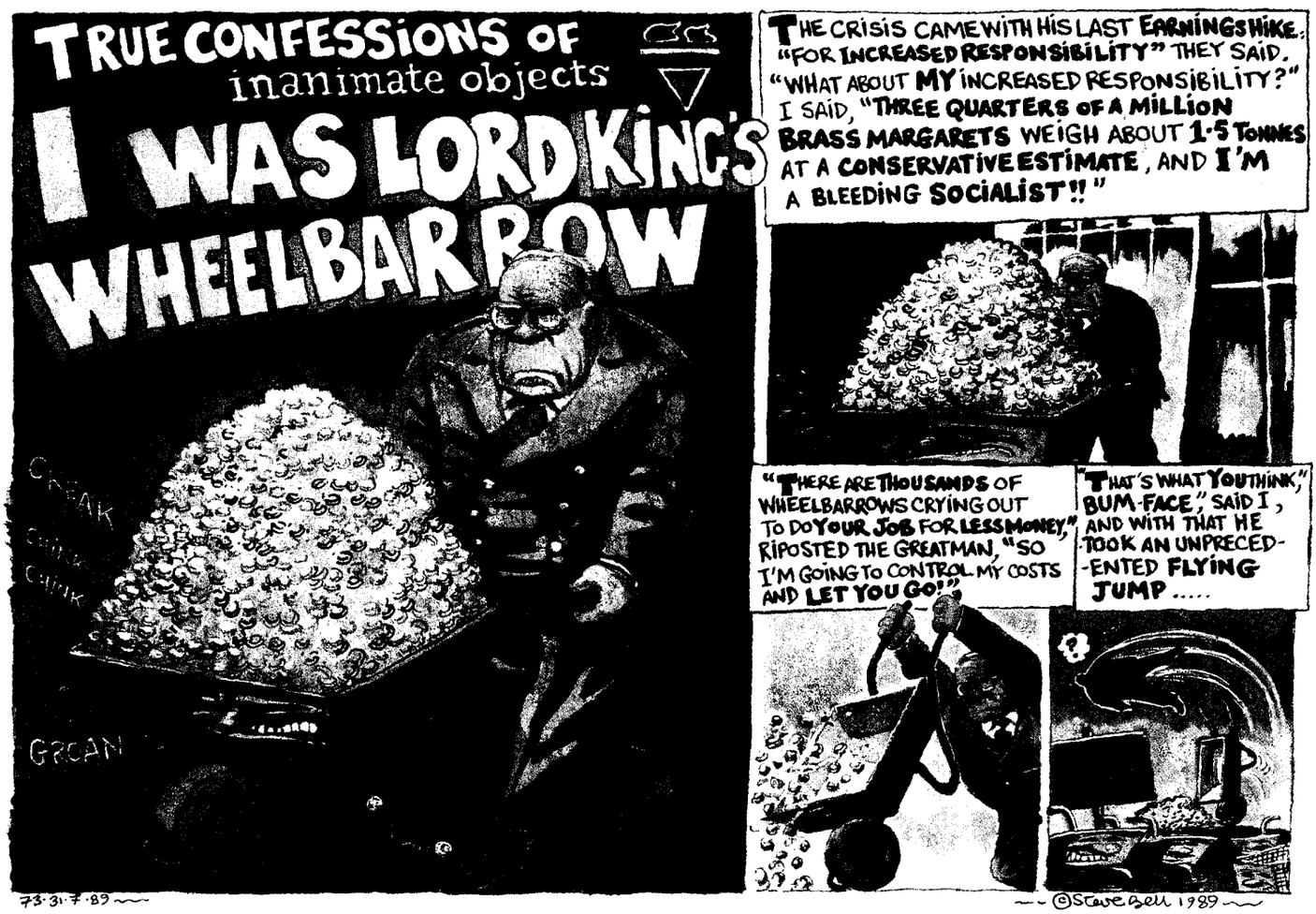
THIS ENGLAND

£5 book tokens for entries printed. (Postcards please.)

● Diners at a restaurant at Wantage, Oxon, stopped eating when a 40-stone Russian brown bear was let into the premises. The bear, from a nearby circus, sat on a table at the Chatterbox Restaurant and consumed two loaves, five lettuces and two mugs of tea.—*Daily Telegraph* (R A England)

● Police have ordered John Rennocks: "Rehouse your pet ferret before there is a nuclear disaster." The ferret runs around a shed which also houses the district's only siren to sound out the four-minute warning of a nuclear attack. And police have told John's wife Pam that she'd need a minute to move the ferret before she could sound the alarm, and that wouldn't be fair on the neighbours.—the *Sun* (George Moor)

● A Lockerbie couple are claiming £3,000 compensation from PanAm to replace their greyhound which has been terrified to race since last year's plane crash on the town—*Daily Mail* (Ron Rubin)


TRUE CONFESSIONS OF
inanimate objects
I WAS LORD KING'S WHEELBARROW
CREAK
CHINK
CHINK
GROAN
THE CRISIS CAME WITH HIS LAST EARNINGS HIKE. "FOR INCREASED RESPONSIBILITY" THEY SAID. "WHAT ABOUT MY INCREASED RESPONSIBILITY?" I SAID, "THREE QUARTERS OF A MILLION BRASS MARGARETS WEIGH ABOUT 1·5 TONNES AT A CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATE, AND I'M A BLEEDING SOCIALIST!!"
"THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF WHEELBARROWS CRYING OUT TO DO YOUR JOB FOR LESS MONEY," RIPOSTED THE GREATMAN, "SO I'M GOING TO CONTROL MY COSTS AND LET YOU GO!"
"THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK," BUM-FACE," SAID I, AND WITH THAT HE TOOK AN UNPRECEDENTED FLYING JUMP.....
73·31·7·89
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DIARY

Sean French

Why do the British—or the British media at any rate—detest Sweden so much? I'm always hearing people pronouncing on Nordic impassivity, gloom and suicide based on a sample that on inspection appears to consist only of Ingmar Bergman and Bjorn Borg.

Behind the attitude, I suspect, is a long-running sense that Sweden has got away with things that we haven't.

Once it was the country's neutrality that kept it out of two world wars. More recently, Sweden has come to represent something so frightening that it can barely be acknowledged.

Sweden never went through the suffering that we inflicted on ourselves in the late seventies and eighties. It maintained virtually zero unemployment, high public spending and a tax burden that is second to none. The country now has low inflation and one of the highest standards of living in the world. A non-coincidental by-product of the policy is that the country's infrastructure looks—to a British eye at least—virtually like new.

Over and over again Sweden has pragmatically used state intervention where market forces are inadequate. Tennis is an example. The success of Bjorn Borg showed that the country could produce great players. In response, the sports authorities, with massive funding, launched a campaign to encourage young players with the purpose of finding international talent. Within five years Sweden was the strongest tennis nation in the world just as Britain, the inventor of the game, was slipping off the tennis map altogether.

Sweden represents a little voice in the back of the British psyche, whispering that the years of high unemployment and deliberate underspending on almost everything that makes up the communal parts of our lives, was a terrible mistake, not simply bad in itself but destroying the social cohesion that helps any society to work together.

No wonder we hate Bjorn Borg.

There was an element of *schadenfreude* in some of the international response to the murder of the Swedish prime minister, Olaf Palme. What sort of country was it where an international statesman could walk home from a movie with his wife, totally unguarded? Welcome to the real world, of distrust and fear.

Implicit in much of the subsequent reporting—on the incompetence of the subsequent police investigation and then, in recent weeks, on the trial of Christer Petterson for Palme's murder—was this suggestion, or even hope, that the days of innocence were over and Sweden would henceforth be suffering along with us.

I particularly enjoyed the *Daily Telegraph*'s summing up of the trial. The sub-editors had clearly decided to launch their own private war. Their headline read, "Dream that died with Olaf [sic] Palme", followed by a sub-heading which concluded: "Whatever the verdict, reports Alexandra Duval Smith, the affair has shattered the country's belief in the society that Palme helped create".

It's true that at the time the country was deeply shocked by the murder, but the contention that it had shattered Sweden's faith in its own political system would certainly take some arguing.

Readers might have been expecting an article explaining how the Swedes were dismantling their welfare state and reducing their taxes. Instead, Duval Smith described (rightly) how little feeling of vengeance is perceptible among the Swedish people. It's obvious to anyone who was in Sweden during the trial that most people think the police investigation has misfired once again.

Some people believe that Petterson is innocent, others that he is probably guilty, but that the evidence, based entirely on some rather dubious witness identification, is insufficient for a conviction.

Whether Petterson's conviction is ultimately confirmed or not (and even if it is, the maximum prison sentence in Sweden is just eight years), it seems unlikely that we will ever really be sure who killed Palme.

This is clearly unsatisfactory but perhaps it is preferable to the British way of dealing with such cases, involving hastily procured suspects, prejudicial reporting, dubious confessions, judges unwilling to doubt the police and appeal court judges unwilling to reverse the verdict of a jury. Much of our press might not prefer the Swedish system but it might have served Winston Silcott better.

Ms Duval Smith's coup de grâce was an argument whose elegant philosophical simplicity made me regret that A J Ayer had not lived to read it. It went like this: 1/ Palme's vision was for a country free from drop-outs. 2/ Christer Petterson was a drop-out. 3/ Therefore Palme's political beliefs have been entirely refuted. QED.

I hope that from now on the *Daily Telegraph* will apply a similarly rigorous standard of political assessment to our own society.

A more plausible figure to represent Swedish failure would be Bjorn Borg, Sweden's ambassador to the world.

While flying back to Britain, and in the intervals of my conversation with an extremely amiable Suni Muslim, a Saab engineer from Uxbridge, who explained to me how happy he would be if he personally could have the honour to kill Salman Rushdie, I read the Scandinavian Air Service's in-flight magazine, *Scanorama*.

The cover story "Borg means business" was a dismally bland account of Bjorn Borg's new career as a clothing tycoon and its alleged rosy prospects—rendered positively piquant by my having just left a Sweden in which the front page of every newspaper in the land had been proclaiming that Borg meant bankrupt.

I occasionally feel guilty that this "diary" doesn't provide enough gossip about the media, principally because I don't know any.

So, on the night before I went on holiday, I attempted to remedy this deficiency by attending my first publishing party of the year, the launching of Julie Burchill's novel, *Ambition*, at the Ritz.

Unfortunately I never even made it past the door, since it emerged that I was contravening the establishment's clothing rule regarding jeans. Furthermore the man at the door seemed to be implying that the very fact of my ignorance of this long-standing rule demonstrated that I wasn't a fit person to be admitted.

My chagrin was redoubled as I passed, while being ejected, *New Statesman & Society*'s decidedly dapper literary editor, Tony Gould, going in. Any readers wanting to know what, if anything, went on at the party, should address their inquiries to him.

ROGER WODDIS

The more things change

In years gone by when men would die
To earn an honest penny,
The crops they grew enriched the few,
But barely fed the many.

The Church and State used all their weight
To make each man a poodle;
But now, of course, the use of force
Would be considered feudal.

We've found today a better way
To put the legal mockers
On Mr Todd, and now, thank God,
We simply sack the dockers.

We have come far since Alphonse Karr
Said change was an illusion;
Things stay the same, but still the game
Has no foregone conclusion.

From age to age a living wage
Means either fight or falter:
The needy learn from what they earn,
The greedy never alter.

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Melanie Friend

Business and pleasure

Entertaining clients now means giving them a good time at great expense, and at a place where they want to be seen, says Helen Chappell

Helicopters swoop over the sunlit Sussex Downs, ferrying precious human cargo for a day at the races. Not any old races, of course. Glorious Goodwood is not only a key date in the Gucci diaries of the Sloane set, it is now colour-coded on corporate year-planners up and down the land. Teams of double-glazing salesmen, merchant bankers and industrial chemists home in on it from all directions, clutching precision binoculars and panama hats.

Everyone seems to have lunched pretty well. Weaving an uncertain path from the Lanson champagne bar, one overweight sales manager in custard-yellow slacks and a navy blazer is looking for the gents. His wife narrows her eyes and consults her watch—only 2.30pm. "Don't you fall asleep on me again," she hisses at him.

Gaggles of girls in frilly silk dresses trot past the Simpson Piccadilly boutique with an air of biological urgency. Others pause to compare depth of suntan or height of shoe heel. Sullen-faced lager louts from the public enclosure look

The moral blackmail of corporate entertainment is hard to resist

on, cheeks filled with Kentucky Fried Chicken and 7-Up. You certainly know your place here. You ought to—the boss has paid a tidy sum to hire it for you. Your corporate hospitality box will have set him back anything between £2,500 to £6,700 plus VAT. For that you, your customers and your salesforce get a champagne reception, four-course lunch, afternoon cream tea and all the booze you can drink. If that doesn't satisfy you, you can watch the races.

High above the track in a box in the Silver Pavilions, some lads in computers are doing just that. "G'wan, my son!" they bawl as the horses

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Publicity agent Denise Frances: "Any fool can book a table in a marquee"

thunder past, "I lost a tenner on that!" "So what—I lost the company!" Beaming bravely in defeat is a figure who bears a marked resemblance to Jeffery Archer. "We're still novices and virgins at this sort of thing," explains Neil Symonds, general manager of the Effectia Gravis computer staff recruitment agency. "This is the first year we've been at Goodwood. We usually hire a riverboat on the Thames for a party..." "Or have lunch at School Dinners!" interrupts a man with an enormous grin. He is one of the firm's favourite clients, so he is allowed a bit of latitude. He is in data processing. He says he will never forget the time he was subjected to a "knee-trembling trifle special" at School Dinners restaurant by a waitress dressed as a schoolgirl—for only £12.50 plus souvenir Polaroid snapshot.

This anecdote is greeted with riotous laughter. "This year," continues Symonds doggedly, "we're going to be *enhancing* our reputation." So what exactly are the benefits of entertaining clients in this way? "Apart from getting pissed?" bellows a voice from the bar. "It's good mutual liaison," answers contracts manager Phil Godwin soberly. "People do business with us, of course, because we're the best. But if we can afford to entertain them too..."

There is strictly no fraternisation with your rivals in corporate hospitality. Each box is a socially-sealed unit, every viewing balcony separated from its twin by a white, chain-link fence. No company, however small, can now afford to let its competitors have more corporate fun than it does.

Inside one box sit two sharp young men in identical suits, their hair slicked back with gleaming gel. Toying with a wine-glass full of complimentary cigarettes over the remains of lunch, recruitment consultant Tony Sheehan reflects on his sudden conversion to the good life. "There's nothing quite like this," he murmurs, "though we'd probably be better off with some women too." Unfortunately, there aren't many women in the firm and nobody thought of asking the secretaries. His colleague, Paul Harwood (sales manager, Kingston branch), has been thinking. "Corporate entertainment should be about building up a good one-to-one relationship," he says. There are about 20 (male) clients wafting in and out of their box today, and he is determined each one gets his fair share of one-to-one, come what may.

He is quite unmoved by the argument that corporate hospitality deprives the rank and file of their tickets for Wimbledon and other sporting fixtures. "These events are so expensive now, the public can't afford them anyway," he says. "Only companies can pay for the pose of being at a highly prestigious event like this." Colin Mackay, a client from NatWest, sees corporate entertainment as a sign of more competitive times. It has caught on especially in the north where people apparently live and work together more closely. "I think it's going towards the Japanese system now," he says, "where the company looks after your social life too. The old British idea of not mixing business and pleasure is breaking down."

Over at the Old Paddock, there is plenty of evidence to support his view. A tented village of festive marquees has sprung up, surrounded by tubs of bay trees, white plastic patio furniture and company flag poles. Shrieks of mirth spill out of tent entrances marked with little white signposts—Morgan Grenfell, Lloyds Bowmaker, Ciba-Geigy, Avon, Vickers, Golman-Sachs. Women in veiled hats promenade on the arms of men with voluptuous claret-bellies, murmuring into Vodaphones. Sets of expensively-capped teeth flash in greeting, manicured hands slap backs, squeeze arms and raise glasses to toast instant and undying friendship. Public relations consultants are pecking the air around each other's faces while keeping an eye out for someone more important. Inside each private and highly exclusive tent, business cards are sliding back and forth across the table like roulette chips. Adam Wakeley of Best View Corporate Hospitality Ltd, has seen it all before. "Wherever there is a gathering where people can see and be seen you will find corporate entertainment," he says. It is a sign that British industry is booming. Either that or desperately trying to do better.

The Corp Ent industry is still relatively new to Britain. In America, businessmen have been turning up mob-handed at the Superbowl and the Indianapolis 2000 for decades. The British version has taken off only in the past five years or so, but it is rapidly making up for lost time. "Turnover in the business is up to £500 million a year," says Wakeley. "Companies are putting aside major sums every year to budget for it. There's no getting away from the fact that it really does work." The moral blackmail implicit in love-bombing your bank manager or potential customer with a champagne-sodden day at Henley, Ascot or Cowes is hard to resist. If that doesn't soften them up, you could hit them with a hot-air ballooning trip, a celebrity-hosted banquet at a stately home, a turn in a rally car or a themed adventure experience dressed up as a pirate or a Chicago gangster. Corporate man is finally learning to let his hair down.

Drumming up support by paying out the money

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Goodwood: where the lads aren't just to be found in the stables but the fillies are thin on the ground

"There are three main reasons for corporate entertaining," explains Wakeley. "The first is to show off to clients to try to grab their business; the second is to reward your own employees so they will work even harder for you; and the third is to provide an incentive for your salesforce. If they meet a certain target inside six months, say, they win themselves a free holiday."

Of course, not everyone is delighted with this new exploitation of the pleasure principle. "Many people are jealous of companies like us," says Wakeley. "They think we're leaching our way into a new market. People who are bored with their own jobs are envious of our success." Organising luxury piss-ups for a living, he emphasises, is not a glamorous pastime. It is a cut-throat business and bloody hard work.

Needless to say, cowboy operators have scented new money and muscled in on the scene: fly-by-night operators who sell imaginary tickets and disappear, leaving revellers wandering in search of non-existent marquees. Wakeley has no time for unscrupulous sharks with pockets full of black market tickets and a slick line of patter. His firm is a member of the recently-formed Corporate Hospitality Association—set up to raise standards and frighten off the spivs. "Any cowboys will die very quickly in this game," insists Wakeley. "They'll soon find themselves on the scrap heap along with four million others." He knows he has a bright future. He is thinking up new ideas all the time for entrepreneurs who have become blasé and sated by the usual depressing grind of gourmet cuisine and unlimited bubbly. The biggest new trend, he believes, is for participation events. Divide your executives into teams and encourage them to run around the woods in paramilitary uniforms firing paint-pellets at each other (psychological assessments an optional extra). City dealers love this sort of thing.

In the Schroder Bank marquee nearby, however, they seem to be able to take it or leave it. Corporate entertainment, according to director Alison Carnwath, is not a bandwagon on which they feel obliged to jump. "We do very little, actually," she says, "many banks do more. But we like our clients to meet and talk in a relaxed atmosphere if they feel it is beneficial." Corporate hospitality is simply a matter of supply and demand, she believes. Envy and greed do not come into it. After all, the British are not a naturally puritanical race. They are just as capable of enjoying themselves as anyone else, given half the chance. Corporate finance manager John Pearson echoes this view. "We like to show our clients we are genuinely interested in them as *people*," he says. "The key people at Schroder are thoroughly nice, which makes all the difference."

Inspecting the pink and white rouched interior of the marquee is publicity agent Denise Frances. She and her husband run the company which has arranged these jollifications. "We really care," she whispers soothingly. "After all, Schroder is *the* major merchant bank. It doesn't *have* to do anything." VIPs of this calibre, she reports, have to be coaxed into associating themselves with the incipient vulgarity of Corp Ent at any level. "This is not 50 life assurance salesmen out for a whoopee. Any fool can book a table in a marquee, but we have to be tremendously selective. That's why we chose Goodwood." Schroders is so blue chip it isn't true, she adds. It is tremendously *subfusc*. In fact, it is one of the three main sponsors of this week's racing. "The last thing you want is for it to see gangs of drunken people throwing up all over the place."

She need not have worried. By 5.30pm the party is drawing to a close. Goodwood discretion has prevailed and she and the army of marketing consultants, caterers, travel agents, retired sportsmen, minor aristocracy and resting celebrities who comprise the corporate hospitality industry can breathe again. Tomorrow is the last day of Goodwood. It's Cowes next, followed by the Burghley Horse Trials and the Ryder Cup. More booze, more food, more bottom-sniffing and compulsory pleasure. VIP liggers dressed as wedding guests are piling into taxis and limousines and hurrying home to recover before the next big whoopee. Only the waitresses hang about to tackle the washing up. As one of them is telling her friend, it's a great life if you don't weaken. ●

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Peace of the country

The great escape to a rural idyll need not be a romatic gesture: the countryside, argues Alun Howkins, needs rebuilding

I came to live here in the country, or rather, on the edge of it, deliberately. Like Christian fleeing the City of Destruction in *Pilgrim's Progress*, I left Brighton early this year to find a "better environment" in a Sussex market town. But there is much more to it than that. Unlike the French, who, until recently, despised the countryside, being a rural country but an urban culture, the English hanker for the country as only a nation which is truly urban can.

Yet beware. Are we talking of all the English or just Kenneth Baker's English? And what about those who work in the countryside, like I once did, who hate it, are bored stupid, and turn to lager-louting, the latest manifestation of a long tradition in English rural society of getting legless and rioting? No, not all the English, but probably the white, urban, southern and middle-class English. These are they who hanker for the rural, to live there or to visit. The village and cottage in the country are all our dreams.

Since the 1900s, sections of this group have moved out of town, initially to the suburbs and then to the countryside around the cities, and especially London. In the 1930s the Southern Railway encouraged them out with posters of idyllic rural scenes: Guildford High Street looking distinctly medieval under the slogan "Live in Surrey—free from Worry", or the Kent countryside under "Live in Kent and be content". These images offer important clues to the nature of our dream. They are southern images —of a cultivated and inhabited landscape, of villages, orchards, church spires and half-timbered pubs. Our rural dream is not a romantic one, like the German desire to be alone in the vastness of the mountains, but a domestic one of a cosy and peopled land.

A result of all this, especially in the past 20 years, is that great areas of rural England have become a cross between dormitory and theme park for escaping commuters, holidaying yuppies, dinkies and most other manifestations of the urban, middle class. These incomers bring

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National Railways Museum

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with them a carefully structured idea of what they want. To start with they want "a cottage". A cottage is not simply a building, as magazines like *Traditional Homes* point out, it is a concept, which has to be checked and measured against certain ideals.

Your cottage ought not to be too remote and should be in or near a "village", which should be "unspoilt". This means that the few council houses are well outside the centre and the small Barrett's estate is hidden, and built in the vernacular architecture of the area. It must also be protected. A survey carried out by Braintree District Council found that 50 per cent of residents were opposed to any further development especially of a low-cost kind.

Yet all this is a bit simple. There is more to it than that. What Raymond Williams said of himself, "I was born and bred in a rural economy, and still find most of my priorities in it" equally applies to me and many others. More universally, William Cobbett's statement that, "we are all, who are anything else, deserters from the plough" seems to apply to many British people. Certainly using the countryside as a site of leisure has been common among even the poorest sections of British society since the middle of the last century. In the inter-war years, a bike or a pair of decent boots took tens of thousands of young people into rural England; this trend continues to the extent that parts of the Pennines are now eroding from over-walking.

What we are dealing with then is not a simple "invention" of the rural, though it has those elements but a genuine ambiguity or contradiction. Country life is attractive and is clearly perceived to have positive virtues if only environmental ones. As such it is a place of escape. Holidays "at home" among the middle classes, especially as second breaks in the spring or autumn, have led to a growth in cottage rentals as well as second homes. In this temporary flight from the city we can act out the rural fantasy of walks and dogs and wet misty mornings with the smell of leaves. A country pub provides "honest" food and ale in front of a roaring log fire, and free-range eggs can be bought at the farm gate.

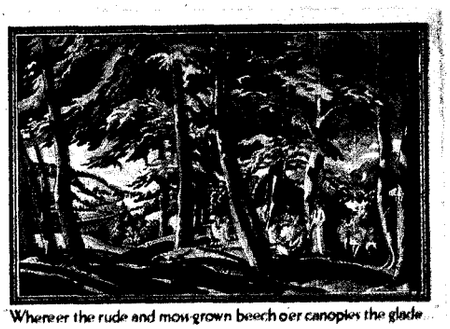
These images are part of a ruralist's dream but they are more than that. Walking is in some sense better for you and the world than driving a car, producing energy from wood fires is preferable to using nuclear energy and "real" eggs and "real" ale not only taste better they are healthier. The country image here opens a different kind of world in which standards are not pound notes or efficiency as defined by a crazy lust for money but by the criterion, to quote Raymond Williams again, "of a stable economy, an equitable society and a fertile world".

Again this view has a lineage from the romantic poets and critics of industrialisation like Ruskin and William Morris onwards, but that is no reason to discard it. What is important is that it is a countryside reborn and recreated. Rural England has been bleeding to death since the 1860s, sending its young to the towns. In their place have come largely unproductive "dwellers" but they are not, nor need be, the only new country men and women. It is easy to sneer at the potters and weavers who move out to the country but they are in a way rebuilding country districts by living and working in them. But we need more than that, we need production in the rural districts and we need cheap housing, precisely in fact the conditions of rural England in the 1850s, if our countryside is to be reborn. I don't mean Nissan factories, but small industrial units which both respect the needs of the environment and create work, which is the only thing which will stop the haemorrhage of the young.

To those who really love the countryside the cost would be slight. A countryside which is simply a theme park or heritage trail is dead, and some areas of the south-east are probably past resuscitation. They are best left to those who believe country life is village greens and green wellies. For the rest of us "country lovers" we have to work out ways of squaring our idyllicism with a new countryside which is infinitely more like the "real" country of the past than any preserved village of Sussex or Surrey could ever be. The rural areas of the past were diverse and complicated productive systems just as great parts of rural France still are.

In the next 20 years we probably have a better chance of accomplishing such changes than at any time for more than 100 years. People are leaving the cities, small-scale production is a real possibility again, but above all there is a growing awareness of the positive sides on an environmental politics. Voting "Green" may be a knee-jerk reaction to baby seals, but anyone who thinks through the issues involved quickly moves beyond that into the recognition that what is required is, to quote Williams again, "a new politics of equitable livelihood" in which "ecology and economics can become a single science and source of values". So country lovers don your green wellies and your Barbours by all means, they are practical garments not just style symbols, but look for a rural England genuinely reborn on your walks, not a plastic Disneyland of ruralism. ●

Southern Railways encouraged the middle classes out of town with posters of idyllic rural scenes, images of a cultivated and inhabited landscape


Whereer the rude and moss-grown beech o'er canopies the glade
KENTISH HILLS &
SURREY DALES
A "GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE"
DAY TICKET (Half Fare)
IS ALL YOU NEED
When will you go-
to-day?
Ask for the Programmes at any Station on the
SOUTHERN ELECTRIC

Great areas of rural England have become a cross between a dormitory and a theme park

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City shame

The NatWest scandal has shown up the City's toothless regulatory system, says Charles Grant

The Independent

Lord Boardman faces the press

The Department of Trade and Industry's report into County NatWest is the most damning indictment ever made of a leading British financial institution. It reveals a cavalier attitude to the law that one might expect from a fringe financial firm but certainly not from a merchant bank belonging to one of the world's largest banks. And although the report avoids tackling the broader implications of the scandal, one of its lessons is that the City's regulatory system needs reforming.

The inspectors tell a tale of how some bright and ambitious young merchant bankers struggled to make a success of a huge financing challenge. Tony Berry's rapidly growing employment agency, Blue Arrow, succeeded in buying the American firm Manpower in August 1987. To raise the money, Blue Arrow's adviser, County NatWest, organised an £837 million "rights issue", which involved selling new shares to existing shareholders. For County NatWest, a relative newcomer to the City, this largest-ever rights issue was a make-or-break opportunity. Success would win it the credibility it needed to join the ranks of old-established merchant banks such as Warburg. Failure to raise the money would dash such hopes.

Existing shareholders proved reluctant to buy so many shares in the nervous, pre-crash stockmarket. When the rights issue finished at the end of September 1987, County NatWest and Phillips and Drew, Blue and Arrow's stockbroker, said that just 49 per cent of the shares had been sold (the true figure was the even more embarrassing 37 per cent). These two firms did not want the unsold shares to fall on to the underwriters, because that would have damaged the share price—and themselves, for unknown to the outside world, they had between them underwritten £160 million of the rights issue.

So County NatWest, assisted by Phillips and Drew, organised a "placing" to sell the £400 million worth of remaining shares. Blue Arrow's advisers claimed the placing was a great success, and Phillips and Drew issued an advert saying all the shares had been sold. But the truth was the issue flopped. Left unsold, many of the shares had to be parked in various parts of County NatWest and Phillips and Drew.

This exercise in market deception was masterminded by Nicholas Wells, a 33-year-old Cambridge-educated corporate financier at County NatWest. He was widely regarded as one of the City's best and most "creative" dealmakers. He parcelled up roughly £250 million worth of Blue Arrow shares into units which were each worth less than 5 per cent of Blue Arrow's total capital. That way he hoped to avoid the companies acts' disclosure requirement that any stake of over 5 per cent in a company must be revealed. County NatWest took 4.9 per cent of Blue Arrow; its "market-maker", or share-trading subsidiary, took 4.6 per cent; Phillips and Drew, 4.5 per cent; and Union Bank of Switzerland, Phillips and Drew's parents, 4 per cent. This Union Bank stake was covered by a financial indemnity: County agreed to make good any losses Union Bank suffered on its Blue Arrow holding.

County NatWest know that the 5 per cent disclosure rule should apply to its total holdings in any one company. But it neglected to add together its two Blue Arrow stakes—with the excuse that it could claim what is known as "market-maker's exemption". This rule allows market-makers not to disclose shareholdings so long as they are held in the normal course of business. But if County had bothered to consult a lawyer on its market-maker's stake in Blue Arrow, it would have discovered the exemption could clearly not have applied in that case. For County pressurised the stock traders to take the shares, and offered them a financial indemnity against any losses they would occur. That is hardly "normal course of business".

When Wells and his boss David Reed explained the secret side of the placing to NatWest directors Terry Green, Charles Green and John Plaistow, they claimed lawyers had cleared it. The directors accepted this untrue statement and, without asking to see a written legal opinion, they approved the entire operation. These NatWest directors knew little about the arcane world of merchant banking. They appeared not to realise they were giving the green light to a blatant manipulation of the market.

The DTI inspectors describe the conduct of a dozen senior City financiers as "falling below" or "well below that to be expected from responsible executives". Terry Green, Charles Green and John Plaistow have since resigned. So has former Tory minister and NatWest chairman Lord Boardman (though the inspectors did not criticise him personally).

Most of the DTI report is narrowly focused on County NatWest's illegal behaviour during the rights issue and the placement. NatWest can be thankful that the inspectors pass only fleetingly over the broader and more important issue of how the bank subsequently tried to prevent the truth about its £150 million exposure to Blue Arrow from emerging.

After the stockmarket crash of October 1987, which halved the Blue Arrow share price, it was clear that County NatWest was stuck with the Blue Arrow shares. If NatWest had then come clean about the holdings, there would have been blushes all round, but that would have been an end to the matter. It chose to say nothing. Eventually, at the end of December, the bank admitted to owning 9.5 per cent of Blue Arrow, and to a £49 million loss on the shares. But NatWest still said nothing about the indemnity arrangement with Union Bank of Switzerland, which had cost a further £30 million.

NatWest had a chance to reveal all in February 1988, when the chairman and chief executive of County NatWest resigned, and it installed its own Terry Green as chief executive. But NatWest continued to hope that the matter would go away. It had another chance in February 1988, when the Bank of England asked the bank to carry out its own inquiry into Blue Arrow. The result was a report by Sir Philip Wilkinson, deputy chairman of NatWest, which was sent to the Bank and to the Department of

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Trade and Industry in May 1988. This concluded, quite wrongly, that the parking of the stake with the market-maker was legal and had been cleared by lawyers. The report's inadequacy persuaded the DTI to appoint inspectors.

The Blue Arrow affair reveals many failings in the City's confused system of regulating securities markets. Responsibility is split between the Bank of England, which covers banks' involvement in securities; the Securities and Investments Board, which supervises investor protection and the soundness of securities firms; and the DTI, which enforces the companies acts and is responsible for criminal offences.

The Bank of England's supervision department showed that it lacks the skills needed to monitor the securities business of banks. For at the time of the Blue Arrow placing, Wells told Bank officials about the Union Bank of Switzerland indemnity and the market-maker's stake. The Bank asked if County had taken legal advice. Wells said everything had been cleared by lawyers, which was untrue, and the Bank left it at that. In its defence, the Bank argues that it is the job of the DTI to ask probing questions about the disclosure requirements of the companies act. But that misses the point: on the basis of what it was told, the Bank should have realised that what was going on was the common law offence of market manipulation.

More embarrassing still is the behaviour of the Bank in February 1988. A series of articles in the *Economist* prompted the DTI to make preliminary enquiries into the Blue Arrow affair. But the Bank asked the DTI to hold off, saying NatWest should be given a chance to investigate itself. The Bank was happy for Wilkinson to carry out the internal inquiry. Wilkinson knew the Bank of England's governor, Robin Leigh-Pemberton, well: he had been chief executive of NatWest while Leigh-Pemberton was chairman, and he served on the Bank of England's board of banking supervision.

The DTI is not part of any old boy network, but cannot be pleased with its performance. Having received the Wilkinson report in May 1988, the DTI sat on it, apparently accepting its conclusion that County had done little that was wrong. Only in October 1988, when the *Economist* questioned the findings of Wilkinson's report, and pointed out that his inquiry had not bothered to interview four key witnesses in the Blue Arrow affair, did the DTI decide to act. Having spent two months searching for inspectors, the DTI announced a formal inquiry in December 1988, 14 months after the Blue Arrow placing.

The DTI moves too slowly to be an effective regulator. It lacks the expert staffing to carry out its own investigations, so resorts to appointing outside inspectors. The best way of policing the City's securities markets would be to end the three-way regulatory split, and transfer the roles of the Bank of England and the DTI to a beefed-up Securities and Investments Board. The SIB has so far done quite well: it closed down Barlow Clowes as soon as the law gave it powers, in April 1988, while the DTI had relicensed it year after year. Provided it manages to recruit enthusiastic and knowledgeable staff, the SIB should be able to do a better job than either the Bank of England or the DTI at enforcing the letter and the spirit of the City's rules. ●

The return of "Sus"

Leaked statistics show that black people are being indiscriminately suspected of immigration offences, reports Jolyon Jenkins

In Metropolitan police parlance, "BSB" has nothing to do with satellites. It stands for "Big Silver Bird", and is code for operations in which black people are picked up off the street for alleged immigration offences and, in some cases, removed from the country.

Since last August the process has become vastly easier, thanks to a clause in the new immigration act that allows for "voluntary" departures. The prospect of languishing in police cells or prison while the wheels of justice grind slowly is so unenticing that a quick "voluntary" departure often looks like an attractive alternative. According to immigration service lore, the record turn-around time for a "BSB job" is four hours—the time between the arrest of a Ghanaian for flashing at a bus stop, and his departure from the country.

Statistics that we have obtained suggest that immigration law is moving in to take the place of the "Sus" law—the all-purpose police tool for harassing black people, repealed in 1981. According to our figures, *in London alone*, around 150 black people (possibly British citizens) are taken into police stations each week, and checked out for immigration offences: 100 of them turn out to be innocent, even in the eyes of the immigration service.

Those 100 may, of course, be guilty of something else. Equally, though, a possible immigration offence can be used as a excuse when there is nothing else to get somebody under; or a passport check can be used as a adjunct to, say, a driving licence check.

Once the suspect is at the police station, police officers call Isis House, the central London immigration office. (Another office at Harmondsworth deals with the rest of London). The immigration officers at Isis check out the suspect on their computer. Four times out of ten the case gets dropped at that stage. In the other cases, an immigration officer goes to interview the suspect at the police station. The immigration service can hardly complain about this extra work, since it was they who trained police officers in "how to spot an illegal". The police now seem to be applying the lesson with indiscriminate enthusiasm.

Just how indiscriminate is shown by our statistics. In June, the police referred 218 cases to Isis. But because a "case" can involve more than one individual, the total number of *people* referred is at least 281, and probably at least 300. Another set of statistics shows the ineffectiveness of all this activity: last week the Home Office gave Alistair Darling the figures for the number of people identified by Isis as possible immigration offenders. In June the figure was 108. Double the figures to account for the Harmondsworth cases and you arrive at roughly 100 false checks a week.

The ethnic or social group that bears the brunt of police/immigration scrutiny varies from month to month, according to a deliberate strategy. In May last year, for example, Ghanaians were singled out for special attention. Once that operation finished the number apprehended fell by 25 per cent. Now it's the turn of Nigerians and Jamaicans. According to one internal Isis House memo, the increase in Jamaicans "is due to close police liaison and dedicated officers allocated to their nationality".

By singling out one nationality or social group at a time, the immigration service can produce plausible statistics to justify a change in the law. It's probably no coincidence that a requirement forcing Turkish visitors to obtain visas was imposed shortly after an operation (called "Needle") which focused mainly on Turks—or that the rules for students were tightened up after an operation which looked at educational establishments. An operation against West African marriages of convenience has just finished: it "reaches several disturbing conclusions regarding the efficacy of after entry control". This is immigration service code for: "we want the rules on marriages tightened up."

Remarkably, it seems to be the lower grades of immigration officer who are in the driving seat, with senior civil servants and ministers simply ignorant of what their underlings are up to. Operation "Yardies", looking at organised Jamaican crime, seems to have been started without clearance from headquarters. A recent memo from a (junior) chief immigration officer to his line manager draws attention to a *Sunday Times* article on Yardies and adds: "Do you consider it appropriate to advise the chief inspector [the top civil servant in the immigration service] of our ongoing operations in this field? He might feel that the minister might be appraised of our interest." Hundreds of innocent Jamaicans would think it not a moment too soon. ●

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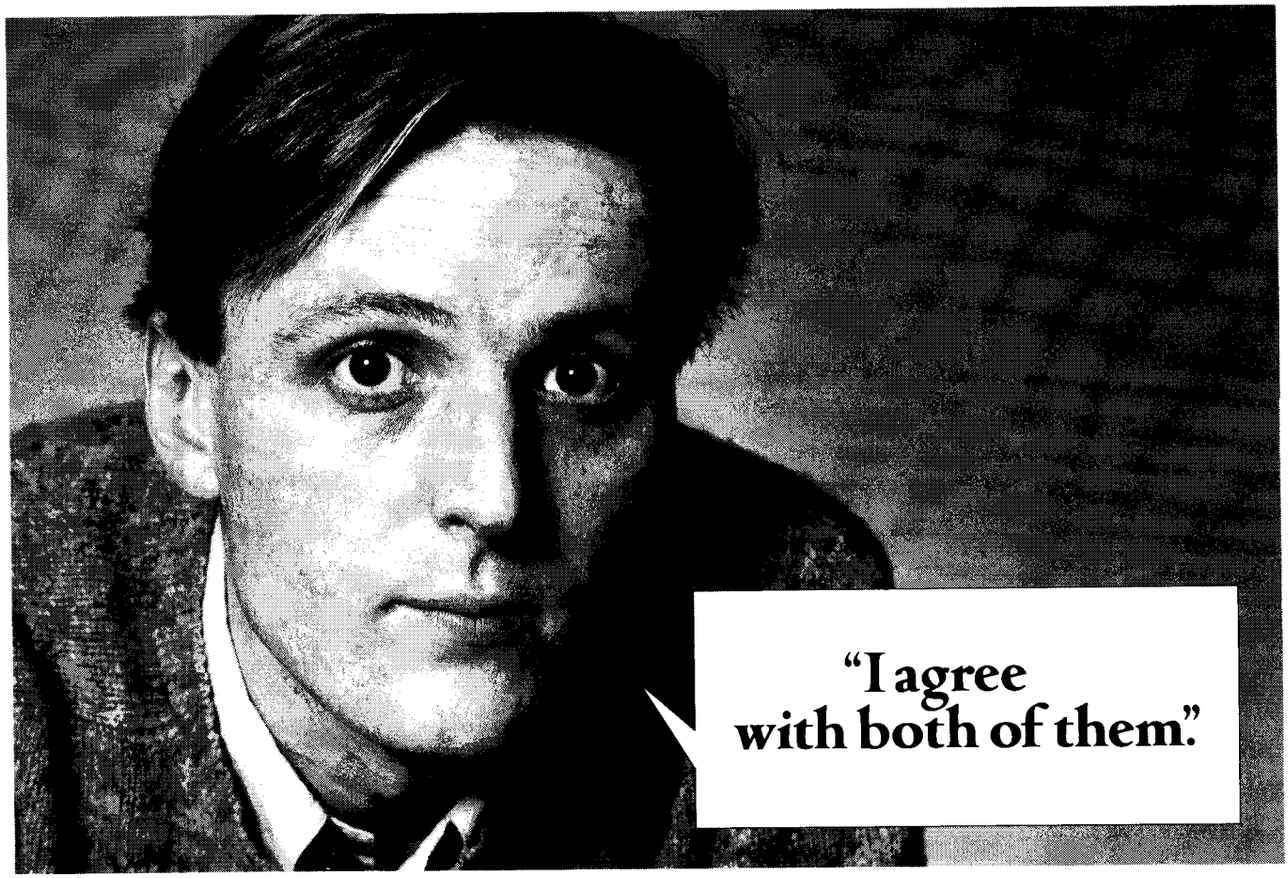

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Poles apart

Witold Krassowski/The *Independent*

There is resentment in the working class, the old suspicion of the intellectual

These are dangerously uncertain days in Poland and there can be no guarantee of a peaceful outcome to what is afoot in Warsaw. Consider the loss of the Communist Party's legitimacy, the hostility of East Germany and Czechoslovakia to events in Poland, the growing insecurity (and capacity for violence) of the Polish state apparatus, and the inchoate politics of the divided Solidarity movement—there is quite enough to suggest that the obituaries for Polish Stalinism have been written too glibly and too quickly.

Above all there are the tensions and resentments in the Polish working-class itself. They swirl around the head of Lech Walesa; they have promoted the class-chauvinist Fighting Solidarity movement—which wants no deals with the Communist Party, no coalition, no negotiations even—and they underlie the old, familiar proletarian suspicions of the role of the intellectuals in Solidarity.

Indeed, today's Polish working-class hatreds would bring a Rosa Luxemburg to her knees in dismay. First, traditional Polish working-class and peasant anti-semitism is still in business and thriving. "All Solidarity's advisers are Jews, I don't know how the Church stands for it," is the kind of thing you hear these days on the stump. The row at Auschwitz over the convent installed in a camp outbuilding is being defused "in order not to provoke anti-semitic feelings in the region". No cultural progress there then, after 40 years of "socialist transformation".

Even more widespread is the problem of the hostility felt in the working class for the Party, and all its works. And it is no use the "western left" pretending that this hatred is in some way a part of the process of "socialist renewal" in which the proletariats of the Soviet Union, China and eastern Europe, with their hearts of gold intact, are allegedly still searching for the Holy Grail of an egalitarian, socialist moral order, freed of "authoritarian" aberrations.

In general, they are not. The strongest subterranean impulses in Poland express a bitter desire for revenge for 40 years of wasted socialist endeavour, in which the labours of the Polish working class have been exploited to build a world on socialist sand, a world which, even if won, is not worth having.

The campaign for the June Polish elections unleashed these impulses, but—in the way of these things—they went largely unreported in the western media. Yet they were crucial occasions for understanding the nature of the ideas and the forces, both new and old, which have gestated (and been suppressed) in these 40 years of socialist failure.

The Solidarity Campaign meeting on 9 May at the huge Huta Warszawa steel works was one such occasion of the rawest political emotion. In retrospect, every sentence and sentiment deserves weighing for its political portents, as the Polish crisis deepens. Here is what I heard.

"Don't ask me too many questions at once," the stocky, moustached fellow banteringly told

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Solidarity is riven by the bitterness of a disillusioned working class, bent on revenge for 40 years of wasted struggle. David Selbourne watched as Lech Walesa confronted angry workers, impatient for immediate solutions

the crowd at the end of his speech in the Works assembly hall: "I have no pen, I don't write, I'm a worker." Outside were chimneys, gantries and grey walkways, and at the plant's entrance a flower-bedecked monument to Father Jerzy Popieluszko, the mill's chaplain before his murder in October 1984. Many in the divided audience seemed not much amused by Lech Walesa's remark, nor very friendly. There had already been restlessness, and some shouting, as Walesa declared, clutching the hand-mike to his mouth like a fairground barker, that "I haven't come here to look like a President. Without you, I am nothing. I have come to the top, I have the Nobel Prize, but it is you who must lead and improve me. This is not a democracy, Poland is still not free, but the election is a real chance, a first step for us."

Not very friendly? No. Indeed, this steel mill, with a workforce which is among the most class-conscious and militant in Warsaw, is regarded as one of the centres of opposition to the Walesa faction in the Solidarity movement. Some of the workers are so militant that they want no truck with the Polish Communist regime *at all*. ("Reds," I heard them called here, with an unprintable expletive.) Opposed to the original Round Table talks, opposed to taking part in the elections, they seemed more than suspicious—or jealous, in working-class fashion—of Walesa; and in the volleys of ferocious questions which were fired at him, the ugly, repressed mood of a lynch-mob rose to the surface.

"How can you sign agreements with people who have persecuted our union?," a shabby, grey-haired steelworker in a bomber-jacket bellowed—a Jacobin *enragé* or *sans-culotte*, who could have stepped from the pages of the French Revolution. "Why are you running around helping them to get Western credits? So that they can remain in power over us? What is it for?" (Uproar.) The questioner's voice was breaking with anger; a sudden swirl of ill-tempered jostling and pushing—with cries of "Leave him alone!" and "Let him speak!"—eddied around him.

"I say 'no' to witch-hunting," Walesa shouted back, fists clenched and jumping ahead of the audience. "I say 'no' to civil war. We must not fight, we must struggle to change the system. Nothing will be achieved," Walesa yelled, arms raised high in the air and seeming to vibrate with the effort to quell the audience, "if we hang everybody from the lamp-posts."

In the anger, applause, shock and laughter which greeted this *coup de theâtre*, Walesa, head tilted back, took a long swig (in his own time) from a bottle of mineral water. This was stage-craft, and well-managed. But a heckler struck again as he was drinking. Walesa, wiping his chin, rounded on him. "Shut your mouth, and a plague upon you." At this, there was fierce applause from the platform and from Walesa's partisans in the audience.

"So, if you know, you tell us what socialism is," a friendlier voice called out. "I'll tell you what socialism is," Walesa answered. "I am a worker, I was a worker, and I will always be a worker." (A sudden, watchful silence.) "The bakery with the freshest, crispest rolls is socialism." (Loud laughter.) "A system which allows anyone to run for president, that is socialism." (Silence.) "And unions which genuinely defend the rights of workers, that, to Lech Walesa, is socialism."

There was some applause for this—a definition of socialism which could fit the US, as well as any—but the respite for Walesa was a brief one. Renewed heckling (mainly about low wages and rising prices) culminated in a loud-mouthed assertion, from a thuggish 30-year-old in a leather jacket, that Walesa had entered into a "secret agreement" with the government.

"I'm being criticised by you now," Walesa wearily responded, "but once I was near-holy. I can feel the distrust in you." (Renewed shouting.) "But let us not insult one another, let us not shock one another. You shout, 'Let us get rid of Communism.' It is all very well as a slogan. But how can we get rid of it?" he asked huskily. "With slings? With bows and arrows?" (Loud applause from his supporters.) "You say to yourselves, 'Everybody needs money, except Walesa. He has got everything, he has lots of greenies, what has he to worry about?'"

At this there was a scatter of laughter. But the general mood remained sullen. "I am not a hero," Walesa continued impressively. "I jumped out of nowhere. And what have I done? I have messed up many things, but I have given 20 years of my life in this struggle for a democratic Poland. In abnormal times I have pulled the wagon."

This was a good, strong proletarian metaphor, and for some in the audience, well chosen. The rest, the *enragés*, were not quieted continuing to complain bitterly, and refusing to be silenced, about their low wages (around £15 per month at the unofficial rate of exchange in Warsaw) and about rising prices. "You up there," shouted a steel-worker—grey-faced with vengefulness and poor diet, and pointing first at the platform, then at the floor—"how can you see what is happening to us, down here?" "What can I do, can I be everywhere?" Walesa answered, as the first members of the audience began leaving.

"It is not enough," he continued, "but I am nearly unconscious, I am so tired. I may be mistaken in my methods, but this is a country which has been ruined. I am asking everywhere for help for Poland, so that we can build the same system here that exists in western Europe. I have lifted the burden I could lift. Aren't you satisfied?" Walesa asked the audience.

Shame seemed to spread quickly through the hall, and the crowd fell silent. A voice from the floor cried out, "Why don't we trust each other? Why is the working class always divided?" "The situation has made us what we are," Walesa answered. "It is the tragedy of the working-class, all the world over." The silence was a profound one, and Walesa the master of it; the nerve of class had been touched at its rawest.

"And tell me, please," Walesa went on, "how are we going to get rid of communism from our beautiful, unloved country? Not by demagogy," Walesa went on, "not by shouting, not by hatred. Only by thinking for ourselves, by work, by solidarity, by organisation."

"I appeal to you, the situation is serious, more serious than you think. Don't run away from the election. The Communist system has lost, it has ruined Poland, but no new system has been created. We have one or two generations of work before us. We are a talented people.

A few more in the audience were leaving, discomfited or scornful, all passion spent; the rest shifted uneasily in their places, weary at the prospect of more decades of underpaid, hard labour. "I apologise if I have offended you," Walesa added. "My language is awful, my grammar is awful, but I am a worker. I am not any better that you. My finger nails," he said, holding up his hands, "are still dirty."

The applause was of recognition and acceptance of these class signals. Proletarian class-awareness—international in its modes of feeling and expression, and variously heroic or foolish in ways almost beyond middle-class understanding—had spoken. Taking a swig from the bottle, Walesa left the platform, giving the V for victory sign; arms held above his head like a boxer.

But today, the significance of such a meeting can justly be regarded as disturbing. And not only because 38 per cent of the Polish electorate "ran away from the election" and did not vote (part of Walesa's audience doubtless among them). What a large section of the crowd wanted can only be described as the unleashing of a new kind of class struggle—against the Communist system, against the Party and its apparatus, described in one furious intervention as "those who got their power with the help of the Red Army"; against the "ideologies of intellectuals", and against the imposition upon daily life and labour of any "ism" whatever, socialism included. Put another way, it is a working-class vendetta which lies dangerously close to the surface. Both Walesa and Jaruzelski know it. Indeed, it lurks everywhere in the "real socialist world"; but that is another and much bigger, story.●

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O'Doherty's odyssey

An IRA volunteer leaves prison this autumn after 15 years. Phillip Whitehead chronicles the transformation in his beliefs

He was a teenager when I first met him, red haired, with an unnatural pallor which his colouring might have conveyed, even without 30 concurrent life sentences. The pallor was all he was wearing, save for a prison blanket draped around his nakedness. The sentences on Shane Paul O'Doherty were for an IRA letter bomb campaign which had left a number of people injured, some maimed. His brother, Eamonn, a humane and articulate teacher now in England, wanted someone to talk O'Doherty out of his protest "on the blanket". Robin Corbett MP and I agreed to try. From that first visit we have watched the maturation of one of the most remarkable men to come into, and out of, the Provisional IRA.

Shane O'Doherty (left) with one of his brothers

The six O'Doherty brothers share their schoolmaster's love of learning and passionate intelligence. Shane happened to be the one who found the turbulence of adolescence exactly coinciding with the upheaval of sectarian violence and internment in Derry, with friends shot, communities brutalised. His response was to become a bomber. His five brothers responded differently; all left Northern Ireland. Shane Paul seemed to have a fanaticism apart. Certainly we brought away from that first meeting a presentiment that the road he sought was the martyrdom of the political prisoner, which other young men were to achieve in the hunger strikes of 1980 and 1981.

Yet even then he was different. He read widely. The self-righteous certainty of the volunteer gave way to a self-questioning that had begun when he saw the procession of his victims in the witness box—not the agents of the British state, but their hapless understrappers and casual helpers. His position moved towards pacificism and conciliation, an Irish republicanism based on the need to persuade rather than to terrorise. After 14 months he came off the blanket protest. He sought our help to approach his victims to express his repentance. It took two years to get the prison authorities to agree, and some of the replies were stinging, from a hurt still fresh and raw.

Then he moved publicly against the IRA. Encouraged by Bishop Daly of Derry he published an open letter in the *Derry Journal*, explaining why, at the age of 22, he had renounced violence. "When I was 16 nothing seemed so romantically self-satisfying as a fight against the odds for an ideal. Much later, I was so busy caring for myself that I couldn't help caring less for others, and when I injured someone, I couldn't think too much about it because I had to think about myself, about the risks I was taking. I ignored the human rights of others but was very touchy about my own human rights. I was a hypocrite. In injuring human beings, I didn't cure injustice, I created new ones. I didn't realise then that my youthful militaristic activities conflictednot only with Christian morality but also with the principles of democracy and democratic socialism."

The stilted, painful sentences were those of a convert, not a turncoat. O'Doherty remained a fierce critic of those other injustices which the British state had created in its turn. At an early meeting he urged me to see William Power, whom he was convinced was innocent of the Birmingham bombings. He denounced the practices then being followed at the Castlereagh interrogation centre under Roy Mason's administration, and wrote that his feelings about "Big Brit and Wee Roy" had not changed. He challenged every small idiocy of prison rules with the same pertinacity he had once shown on the blanket. An awkward customer, but one who now believed that killing people was wrong.

Could he be believed? Those of us who visited him, corresponded, received the presents of small books he had bound in the prison workshop which charted his own intellectual development, thought yes. More, we thought he had the potential to become a significant force in the politics and culture of both Irelands after his release. Officialdom disagreed, declined to set a date for his transfer from Category A status. Lordly junior ministers listened and knew better. By the time of the fourth Home Secretary—the allegedly liberal Leon Brittan—it seemed hopeless. O'Doherty's odyssey had taken him from prison to prison, and eventually eight years into his sentence, to the control unit at Wakefield. Only after Douglas Hurd's arrival at the Home Office was there an attempt to understand O'Doherty, as he was moved first back to the Scrubs and then over the water to the Maze and, last year, to Maghaberry prison.

He has served 15 years: in the autumn he leaves prison for Trinity College, Dublin. Last week he had a short home visit to Derry, from where he phoned, ebullient with optimism that the place could revive, and come together in a post-paramilitary society. Many doubt this. Some still doubt his sincerity too, in his repudiation of violence. Next week, television viewers can judge for themselves, when Peter Taylor's profile of the O'Doherty family launches the Panorama summer replacement, "Families at War". Taylor has been our most consistent television reporter on Northern Ireland for 20 years. After so long a time he is entitled to a certain pessimism about the place. O'Doherty quotes Yeats to his purpose: "Too long a sacrifice can make a stone of the heart", but Taylor believes that the pull of history will be too strong, recruiting fresh generations to the armed struggle and its mirror opposite.

Perhaps he is right. But among the inmates of Maghaberry, and even the Maze, there are other men from both communities who will folow O'Doherty's lead when they come out. What they did and what they endured gives them a certain entitlement to speak out among their own. I do not know of a single person who has been "persuaded" by the IRA desperadoes, or "deterred" by the Protestant paramilitary thugs. As O'Doherty remarks, the obsession both have with the Border has drawn a hundred fresh borders around embattled enclaves throughout the North. The alternative the killers offer is not one state of their own hewing, but the vortex of Beirut.

I feel more strongly now than when I first met O'Doherty that he will return as one of a new kind of United Irishmen, his understanding of his own and other national traditions changed by the solvent of his and their sacrifice. ●

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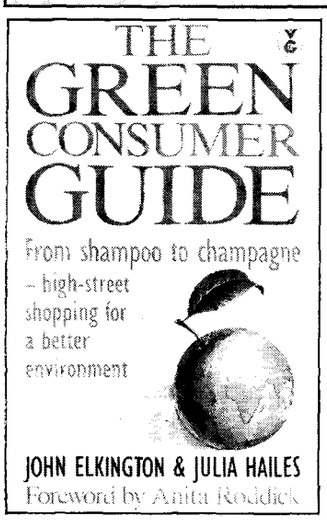
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POLITICAL COLUMN

Positive thinking

If you want to make Labour electable, trust its leader

Patricia Hewitt

Fear of success, a condition familiar to psychologists, still infects the left. It produces in some magazines who have staked their reputation on Labour's inability to win, a fevered detestation of Labour leaders who look as if they actually might deliver. Judging from his recent columns, R W Johnson has a very bad attack.

Gramsci's advice—pessimism of the intellect, optimism of the will—was always sound. But that doesn't mean that all pessimism is always appropriate nor that all optimism is simply a form of wishful thinking.

The pesssimists of *New Statesman & Society* are now in an unholy alliance with the strategists of the Conservative Party who have decided that their best response to Labour's renaissance is to turn on Labour's leader. Both make the mistake of thinking that the causes of Labour's revival—the expulsion of Militant, constitutional reforms, sharp and effective campaigning and above all the policy review—are nothing to do with Kinnock, and of assuming that the voters won't notice the connection either.

The difference between them is that, while *NSS* persists in believing Labour can never win again, the Tories now take the prospect of a Labour victory seriously. Indeed, they take it so seriously that their leader has panicked again, and produced a reshuffle that leaves the government looking weaker, more divided and less competent than before.

It's never enough, of course, to say that governments lose elections. There is a high point of economic prosperity above which it seems no government can be defeated, whatever the opposition does. And there is a low point of general untrustworthiness below which the opposition cannot win, whatever mistakes the government makes. The government is now well below its high point, Labour well above its low—and they meet on a battleground where, as the Tories openly acknowledge, Labour can win.

If *NSS* wants to follow the battle accurately, it should stop misreading opinion polls. Yes, Harold Wilson in his brief honeymoon period as leader of the opposition 25 years ago ran ahead of both the prime minister and the Labour Party in the polls. But the last three changes of government were achieved by leaders who not only ran behind the party, but had difficulty catching up with the prime minister. Kinnock's post-European approval rating, seven points ahead of Mrs Thatcher, is rather better than she ever managed against Jim Callaghan before 1979. Johnson's Oxbridge snobbery blinds him to Kinnock's achievements.

The real point, however, is not the polls, but what we do about them. I do not believe that we're back to two-party politics. In Scotland, the Tories are the bit in a two-and-a-bit party system. In southern England, there are still substantial numbers of voters in search of a party, many turning to the Greens when the Alliance failed them. Labour must win those voters' trust, if the European election victory is to be a springboard, not a high point.

The policy review was designed to win trust. It had to do two things. It had to provide a way out from the old stereotypes—high taxes, weak defence, nationalisation of inefficient industries and excessive union power—in which Labour appeared to be trapped. And it had to offer a new agenda from which Labour could appeal to new voters.

So far, it has achieved the first aim, although it is only when the party as a whole embraces the review that voters will be persuaded that the barriers to voting Labour have finally come down. But that is only half the story (even though it is the half on which the press have so far concentrated). As we face the economic facts of life after Thatcher and after oil, Labour will need all the realism it can get. But it needs enthusiasm too—a vision of the future, of Britain in the year 2000, which will ignite people's growing sense that change is overdue.

Thatcherism doesn't create a society in which people are happy to bring up their children

The shape of this new Labour Party is increasingly clear. Labour is now a *European* socialist party, committed to a Europe that is community as well as market, a Europe no longer divided between armed blocs.

One of the most distinctive features of Labour's European agenda will be the synthesis of environmental concerns and democratic socialist values. "Consumer Greens" who will switch to Ecover washing-up liquid because it's fashionable may not be very promising recruits. Committed Greens may stay with the Green Party. But between them, there are millions of "concerned Greens", including many who voted Labour on 15 June.

A recent seminar organised by the Institute for Public Policy Research and the Friedrich Ebert Stiftung suggested that there are major new policy questions for environmental socialism to confront. The policy review, for instance, accepts the "polluter pays" principle. Translating that into practical policies for environmental changes may mean treading on some traditionalist toes, as well as ensuring it does not become a licence for the rich to carry on polluting.

Anxiety about the environment is the most dramatic expression of a profound shift in public opinion towards social and community values. "Me, now" Thatcherism delivers private affluence for many, but it doesn't create a society in which people are happy to bring up their children. Decent schools, safe streets, cities that are vibrant and enjoyable: even those who have done well out of the eighties realise that in France, Germany and northern Italy, they have these things—and higher incomes too.

The challenge of meeting social needs in new and flexible ways is intimately linked to Labour's need to become a party where men and women are as comfortable and as powerful as men. I have argued elsewhere (*Women's Votes: The Key to Winning*) that women are Labour's natural constituency. In basic values, as opinion research shows, they are closer to Labour than men, and their concern with families and the future provided the basis of a powerful appeal if Labour doesn't allow the Tories to get in first.

The essence of making Labour electable is trust. Trust in Labour's leadership, in the team, in Labour's ability to manage the economy competently. Trust that Labour knows where it's going—and trust in the policies designed to take it there. It is intelligent optimism to believe that the basis for trust is there.

Patricia Hewitt was until recently policy coordinator for Neil Kinnock, having previously been his press and broadcasting secretary.

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Fatal attraction

Wandsworth's education officer wants US-style magnet schools in Mrs Thatcher's favourite borough. Paul Flather reports on the ideas and the man behind them

Some 2,500 parents in Wandsworth have just received personal letters from local secondary schools, the latest salvo in a tussle over the future of schooling in the south London borough. At stake is the comprehensive nature of all its 12 secondary schools.

The letters deal with the Conservative council's controversial plan to create new "magnet" secondary schools, each offering a specialism—science in one, languages in a second, travel in a third, hairdressing in a fourth and so on—with the youngsters able to move at the age of 14 to their preferred magnet.

The plan, derived from a system designed to revive failing inner-city schools in New York, was unveiled in June, with Tory leaders claiming it would fill up to 3,500 empty places in the borough's schools. Now Bradford Tories have announced their own magnet scheme, though last week 14 out of 24 governing bodies in the city called for a revision of a timetable to "magnetise" schools by September 1990. Westminster Tories, though, have opted for a scheme of "cornerstone" schools, rejecting magnets as an inappropriate solution to the problems of the British inner city.

Magnets appear to be catching on nationally as the buzz theory to solve the problems of urban schools. As City Technology Colleges (CTCs) prove a costly flop, magnets may emerge as the rising fashion of the post-Baker era. Wandsworth Tories even claim they are the solution to the "failures of comprehensive schools". They do not mention that magnets are also bound to be selective, divisive and expensive. Indeed, Wandsworth parents have been warned that far from improving staying-on rates, the plan is unworkable, ill-conceived and a misuse of the £10 million extra funding offered by the council as a sweetener.

The letters, sent out jointly by school heads and governors, also warn that a two-tier school system will be created—academic schools for the bright middle-class, pre-vocational for the rest, including, inevitably, most working-class children. Every secondary school has sent out its own letter with the same themes: another signal to Conservative councillors of the remarkable unity within the local educational community.

Wandsworth has often found itself in the frontline of political action during the Thatcher era, whether on privatisation of services or attempts to opt-out of the ILEA. The Prime Minister approves, and the right-wing Centre for Policy Studies treats it as a model council. The arrival, last year, of Donald Naismith as the borough's new education officer has ensured the spotlight stays on south London.

Martin Mayer

"A flamboyant front-man, if you like that sort of thing": Wandsworth's Donald Naismith

Naismith came from nearby Croydon with a reputation as a freelance ideas man, but more gun-slinger than Lone Ranger. "A flamboyant front-man if you like that sort of thing," was how one Croydon insider described him. "Puckish, but arrogant," another said. He has, it seems, impeccable New Right credentials. It is accepted that Mrs Thatcher and the now-departed Kenneth Baker seek out his company.

This analysis is a bit simplistic, however. Naismith is also dubbed the Tertiary Man for introducing the first successful tertiary college system in Richmond in 1972. His attempt to repeat the dose in Croydon was frustrated by Sir Keith Joseph and many schools had to close. At Richmond he was also first to publish school examination results.

His whirlygig agenda contains ideas genuinely aimed at benefiting low achievers, involving the disaffected, and opening up schools to parents. At Croydon, for example, he introduced 5-16 curriculum policy statements, condemning critics for "defrauding" the public by being slow to reveal what was taught. He issued parental guides, was among the first to call in consultants to set up performance indicators, and pursued teacher appraisal. Putting these ideas into practice was another matter, as shown by the trail of wreckage he left behind.

Thus his version of standardised testing was so crude that heads, teachers, parents and statisticians were all hopping in the aisles. He proposed measuring the results against records of attainment, setting targets for the ages of seven, 11, and 14—which sounds rather familiar now. A Saatchi and Saatchi subsidiary was even called in to market the records in plain English.

It is clear that his is a top-down style, *dirigiste*, even authoritarian. He tosses out ideas, revels in headlines, but rarely consults, and ignores the nuts and bolts. The irony is that the Baker act will remove virtually all his cherished central power: magnets may be his last play, and even now he may be over-reaching his legal powers.

Few heads at Croydon were sorry to see Naismith move on. Current proposals there aim to turn Sylvan High School into a CTC, and Selhurst School into an arts CTC for the rock music industry: misleadingly dubbed a "Fame" school. Both are hotly contested. While numbers at Sylvan are declining, supporters say it still draws pupils from Lambeth, Southwark, Lewisham and Bromley. A parents' ballot revealed 97 per cent against the proposal. But Croydon Tories appear determined to press ahead and the plan is now awaiting DES approval. The government will pick up the tab on both CTCs; £4.5 million of the £6 million Sylvan bill, most of the rest due from carpet tycoon Sir Philip Harris, plus virtually all the £6 million cost of the London performing arts college.

Naismith is now deeply embroiled in the magnets controversy. Forced to the discussion table by outright hostility from Wandsworth heads and governors, he has conceded an official joint task-force to study the plan. Public consultation meetings at every secondary school will precede a final decision in November.

Heads and governors outline five key drawbacks to the magnet plan. It adds a disruptive fringe element to the primary task of delivering the national curriculum; it will force parents to make extreme choices on specialisation; it will not solve the specific problems of Wandsworth; it will lead to two-tier schooling; and with popular schools remaining oversubscribed, the se-

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cond tier is unlikely to bring in new pupils, especially as priority will now be given to Wandsworth residents.

The fear of the rump secondary, the sink school, looms larger than any hopes for increased pupil choice and parity of esteem among schools. Certainly this is the view of Peter Newsam, former ILEA education officer and now head of London University's Institute of Education, who compiled his own report on magnets in 1976 after a visit to the US. He believes they can work only through selective entry, and that a break at 14 will be severely disruptive for pupils.

Many of the doubts appear in a new policy paper, *Every School A Good School*, put out by Labour in Wandsworth. Fiona Mactaggart, the opposition leader, says magnets cannot be expected to overcome centuries of social bias in British society. "Frankly, I'd even prefer grammar schools back than this," she adds.

There are also grave fears about Wandsworth's plans to end "banding"—the system used by ILEA schools to aim for a comprehensive entry, with pupils drawn equally from three different levels—and "mixed ability" teaching. Naismith is set on promoting high achievers and holding back low achievers, regardless of chronological age. Other Tory ideas include special "sin bin" schools for trouble-makers.

Education is bound to figure prominently in next year's local elections: the Tories hold a one-seat majority. Parent and educationalists are already apprehensive of the Naismith style and agenda, and the Wandsworth Association of School Parents (WASP) is once again buzzing Tory councillors.

But others in the borough may be attracted by his glitzy reforming zeal, especially as three of the 12 schools on an ILEA "black list" were in Wandsworth. Much will now depend on how the magnets row unfolds. Come next May, though, Naismith may discover there are few LEAs left nearer to Westminster.

Voluntary sector

Mixed blessings

Jane Brotchie finds a down-side to the "mixed economy" of care

Everyone approves of the idea that voluntary groups should play a larger role in services for vulnerable people. Giving a belated welcome to the Griffiths report last month Health Secretary Kenneth Clarke said that local authorities, as the lead agencies for community care, "should make maximum possible use of the voluntary, not-for-profit and commercial sectors so as to widen individuals' room for choice, increase the flexibility of services and stimulate innovation." A simple equation, but does it add up? Does a "mixed economy of care" necessarily mean choice and flexibility?

The "mixed economy" is already here, notably in areas with a high population of elderly people. In West Sussex, 1,250 people are in local authority residential homes, compared to 5,221 places in private and voluntary homes . But the proliferation of private homes along the south coast has not always been welcomed; often they place further pressure on local support services.

Voluntary homes may be better linked to local needs. Voluntary organisations which are registered charities are by definition non-profit making, though they may generate and manage large sums of money. The Worthing Area Guild for Voluntary Service in West Sussex pre-dates the welfare state and is still going strong, running day centres and five homes for elderly people.

With 225 staff and a revenue budget of £2 million, the Guild wields considerable influence but enjoys independent status. "The Guild does what the Guild feels is appropriate—it is not answerable to government, councils or the private sector, except to comply with statutory legislation," says Anthony Phillips, the director. "We're there to fill the gaps," he says, "to provide services that the public sector is either not able to do or has insufficient resources for. We have a good relationship with the public authorities, based on trust and a long-standing reputation."

Denis Doran/Network

For the old, the tide of state welfare is rolling back

As a high-profile local organisation it can also tap business funds: "You can often get private business to contribute, not to the public sector directly but to the charity." A further difference from other sectors is what Phillips calls "the motivation factor": "When I interview for staff, I tell them that, while we will pay the rate for the job, we are looking for that extra commitment of working for a charity." (It was business-as-usual on the third day of the NALGO strike.)

But philanthropy must bow to commercial pressures. In the new, post-Griffiths world of social services, "voluntary" will often not mean small nor locally organised. National charities like the Spastics Society or Age Concern have the staffing and expertise to negotiate deals at a high level with councils. Projects may be worthy, but are often managed from a regional office with no local control. Earlier this year David Mellor, now the minister responsible for community care, congratulated West Sussex on £2 million given in grants to voluntary projects, many jointly funded by council social services and the local health authority. Much of the cash has been channelled via county-wide "principal organisations" such as Age Concern, while the council is keen to attract the bigger children's charities into joint projects. Each of the county's three social services divisions does have an allocation for small-scale grants, but it remains tiny: £3,600 a year.

Partnership with local voluntary groups, on the other hand, is potentially enriching because it opens up discussion between providers and consumers of services. The features that make these groups important—diversity and informality—also make it hard for large organisations to work with them. The voluntary sector includes informal self-help and advocacy groups, service-providing charities and community associations organising to effect change. All need support and secure funding. Government, however, thinks of voluntary bodies either as a recruiting ground for volunteer carers, or as a way to mobilise private finance.

Unlike the Worthing Guild, which operates from a large asset base in a fairly affluent area, most West Sussex organisations depend heavily on public funding. This creates a dilemma: if support and service provision was good, many groups would not feel motivated to organise. Partnerships with local authorities rely on a willingness to be open to new ideas and to admit shortcomings. Otherwise, antagonism develops, as one activist described: "It's like walking on a razor blade all the time, between wanting to be assertive on behalf of disabled people and their carers, but not wanting to upset the people who've got the wherewithal to help."

It must be a two-way commitment. In Adur District Council, the housing department employs a community services officer whose sole responsibility is to forge links with community associations.

"Big organisations have an inbuilt resistance to new ideas," says Philip Latham from Adur. "Often the greatest help we can offer voluntary organisations is to cut through the red tape on their behalf and to sponsor initiatives coming forward."

Real local involvement in care services will demand many more posts like Latham's. Now, voluntary sector representatives are often hampered by the lack of incentive, beyond good will, for authorities to work with small groups. It is easier for large councils to talk to the big battalions of the charity world. By doing so, they could miss genuine opportunities to develop offering choice to local people.

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Welfare Watch

The last resort

Inspectors have softened the social fund, says Tony Lynes

The social fund commissioner, Rosalind Mackworth, has produced her first annual report (HMSO, £4.90). The commissioner's job is to appoint inspectors, advise them and monitor the quality of their decisions. Review by an inspector is the nearest that social fund applicants get to a right of appeal.

Both the inspectors and the commissioner were invented during the debates on the 1986 social security bill to justify the absence of appeal rights. They were generally regarded as cosmetic rather than functional. Inspectors were to be appointed from within the DSS, the commissioner was to be appointed by the secretary of state, and funding for both was to come from the DSS budget.

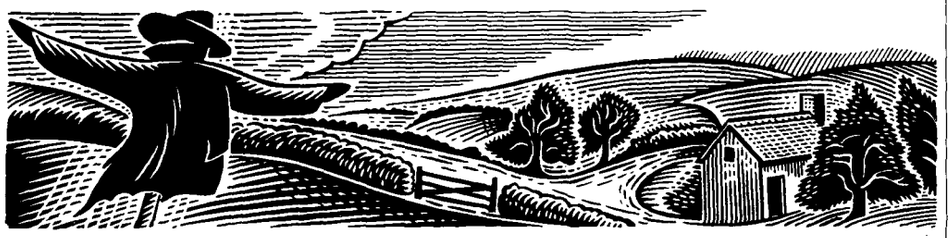
As already noted in this column (10 March, 1989), the inspectors have displayed more independence than anybody expected. In nearly half the cases reviewed by them during the year, they either made a different decision or, more often, pointed out defects in the decision-making process and sent the case back to be reconsidered by the social fund officer (SFO). In nearly half these referred-back cases, the SFO awarded payments averaging nearly £260.

The inspectors were not overworked in their first year. They received less than 3,000 applications, out of 72,000 cases where the social fund officer had refused to alter his decision. But things now seem to be hotting up. This mainly reflects the dramatic upturn in applications for community care grants (CCGs). Efforts to mop up unspent local office budgets before the end of the financial year produced over 48,000 applications for CCGs in March, of which 57 per cent were successful. In April and May, applications continued at a high level, about 43,000 per month, and in June there were nearly 53,000, posing a serious threat to the 1989-90 social fund budgets.

Officers have responded by adopting much tougher policies. Refusals of CCGs rose from 43 per cent in March to 57 per cent in June; and the proportion of cases where, on being asked to revise their decisions, they again refused rose from 65 to 76 per cent. As a result, applications for inspectors to review refusals of CCGs rose from 176 in March to 365 in June; but instead of supporting the clampdown, they confirmed only 29 per cent of refusals in June, compared with 40 per cent in March.

This trend, however, may be reversed. The decision to cash-limit the social fund was the main reason for not giving a right of appeal. In the last resort, the inspectors cannot protect claimants from the effects of the cash limits, which are binding on them just as much as on the officers. They can only be as independent as the law allows.

FRINGE BENEFITS



Colin Ward is glad to have been inoculated against motormania

AS Neill's ready explanation of vandalism and hooliganism was that the young men involved had been prevented from playing out their childhood. Another great Scot, Patrick Geddes, had an equally thought-provoking explanation of adult acquisitiveness and the mania to accumulate collections. He thought that retarded adults had missed out as children on the ardent gathering of "pretty things", the gloating possession and the eager quests for more. Consequently they neglected the real business of adult life, just to work through this necessary childhood phase.

When it is gone through at the appropriate time: "Later life is immunised; the mind has been as it were vaccinated: the catharsis is successful." I find this an appealing idea, simply because it applies to me.

Between the ages of 11 and 14 I collected cars. Not model cars or even car numbers, just sightings and images of cars in their infinite variety. I would sit by the side of the Southend Road on busy weekends conducting, not a traffic survey, but a search for rare models and makes, of which in pre-war days there were multitudes. It seems impossible now, but there was once a time when cars were made in every manufacturing town in Britain, Europe and America. On a good day I might see a Star, a Steyr, a Stutz or a Studebaker, a Bean, a Beardmore and several bull-nosed Morrises.

My special favourites were the cars you could identify by sound alone: the Jowett from Bradford with its two-cylinder horizontally-opposed engine, or the train-driven Trojan. At the junk shop I would buy for a penny back numbers of the *Autocar*, the *Motor* and the *Light Car & Cyclecar*. I haunted car parks for the sight of a 1928 Hudson Essex, with its wooden-spoked wheels that kept the wheelwrights of New Jersey in business long after the horses had gone.

The mania left me as quickly as it came, but it immunised me in later life, just as Geddes predicted. In adult life I have never owned or driven a motor vehicle, apart from misadventures with a dumper during the war. But I still identify cars in old movies and admire the museum models rented to the film companies today.

And the back of my head is still lumbered with this discarded childhood luggage. I can tell you how the internal combustion engine was, like so many inventions, just looking round for its inventor, until it was patented simultaneously by Karl Benz and Gottlieb Daimler in 1884, and how they got together to form Daimler-Benz.

They had to, because everywhere in foundries and cycle-shops other people had started building cars. I can even tell you how, seeking to enter the French market with finance from the Credit Lyonnais, they renamed the car after the daughter of that bank's managing director, Mercédès; or how, when their racing cars were stranded in a French Grand Prix in August 1914, one was brought to Britain to provide the basis of decades of Rolls-Royce aero engines.

My attack of motor-mania coincided with the years when the Nazi government poured huge sums into Mercedes-Benz and its rival Auto-Union. This enabled them to win all the international motor-races and to buy in all the top drivers from Britain and France. Nuvolari remained faithful to Alfa-Romeo and simply stopped winning.

They were the days when every newsreel showed Hitler being driven through cheering crowds in his six-wheeler Mercedes-Benz. I developed a hostility towards the firm, and maybe that turned me off car-collecting altogether. Once in my life I have ridden in one. It was a taxi from Ipswich. I asked the driver why he had chosen so opulent and expensive a vehicle for such a workaday job. "Because I'll always get my money back," he explained. "People have this superstition that there's something special about a Merc."

And indeed they have. Every military dictator in Latin America has one. Watch the TV news and name the car that contained Gorbachev in his journey from the airport to the government palace in Beijing, or the president of Sudan through Khartoum, Pinochet through Santiago, Menem in Buenos Aires, or the whole lot down the Champs Elysées on 14 July.

There are plenty of posh vehicles around. Crowds of people who've arrived somewhere or other give high status to Rolls-Royce. Our local self-made entrepreneur had one, and when his fortunes temporarily failed, sold it. "Oh, it doesn't matter," he told me. "I've had one, that's all that counts," and he drove off in his new Mercedes. As for royalty, after Edward VII drove the first British-made Daimler, they stayed with that firm for half a century.

But in a world perspective it's the Mercedes-Benz that indicates that a ruler has really arrived. I always think of the Führer connection and wonder at the insensitivity. "You're very obtuse," said my friend Richard down the road. "Don't you realise that *they're* the firm that makes a guaranteed bullet-proof model?"

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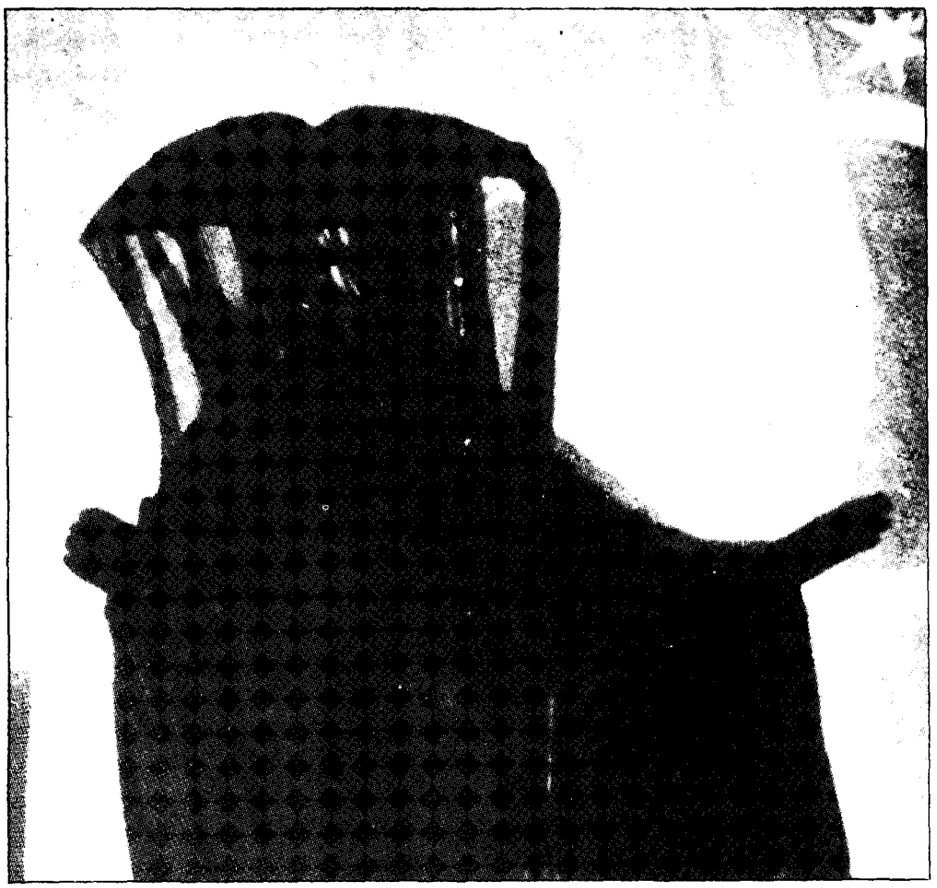

Lorca as The Shadow in Calderon's "Life is a Dream"

Life of Lorca

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA: A LIFE
Ian Gibson
Faber £17.50
IN THE GREEN MORNING: MEMORIES OF FEDERICO
Francisco Garcia Lorca
Peter Owen £17.50

Michael Wood

Federico Garcia Lorca's death certificate, drawn up some four years late, in 1940, states that he died "as a result of wounds caused by the fact of war". As if, Ian Gibson remarks, "the poet had been the unfortunate victim of a stray bullet".

Lorca was quite deliberately killed, on the instructions of the Francoist governor of Granada, and perhaps on the instructions of General Queipo de Llano, who is rumoured to have said Lorca should be given "plenty of coffee"—the general's grim codeword for execution. But on one theory of Lorca's death even the vagueness of the certificate is too precise, because Lorca was killed, it is argued, as a result of local homosexual rivalries: nothing to do with the war at all. This theory doesn't have many adherents these days, but it is worth holding in mind, even if entirely wrong, since it allows us to see how resentment, which Unamuno defines as "the spiritual leprosy of Spain", could confound the borders between war and peace, between politics and private squabbling. Many old scores were settled under the new order, the new confusion.

Ian Gibson (in his *Death of Lorca*, 1973) has done more than anyone to disentangle these matters, and it is thanks to him that we can see the ingredients of this horrible occasion, even if we may still disagree about the mixture they make. Lorca was killed (on the morning of 18 or 19 August 1936) because he was a poet and a Bohemian, because he was famous, because he was gay; because his brother-in-law had been a Socialist mayor, because his family was well-off; because he was thought to be a Russian spy; because he had insulted the Granada bourgeoisie; because he had described the Spanish victory over the Moors in 1492 as a cultural disaster; and doubtless for other reasons.

Before Lorca was shot, near Viznar, a notorious Nationalist execution ground, about 280 people had been killed in the same vicinity, so that "seen in the context of the repression of Granada", as Gibson sensibly says, the poet's death was "no more exceptional" than that of many others. What makes this death different is its visibility, allowing it to stand for all the muffled others. Years of silence and extravagant lying have not managed to bury this fact, and even the death certificate has its unintended verbal point, reminding us of how much is hidden and revealed in a phrase like "fact of war".

But the circumstances of Lorca's death have for too long eclipsed his life and writing; and Ian Gibson appears now not as the detective but as the patient biographer. Only just patient enough, it seems at times. He is a little querulous about his difficulties ("During my work on Lorca I have learnt to be grateful for small mercies") and about the irritating discretion of his interlocutors. "There are persons still alive," he says, shocked, "who stubbornly refuse to share what they know" about Lorca's private life. "To make matters worse, Lorca seems never to have kept a diary..." What can the poet have been thinking of? Doesn't he know how hard the work of a biografiend (Joyce's word) is?

However, this touch of strain doesn't appear in Gibson's narrative, only in his afterthoughts. He tells Lorca's life with great lucidity and good sense, and with a nicely judged feeling for detail: when to fill in a landscape or company of acquaintances, when to quote a poem.

Lorca was born near Granada in 1898, had a happy childhood which he later managed to idealise without sentimentalising—no mean feat. Gibson quotes a poem, written in New York in 1929, about "those eyes of mine in 1910", which saw neither the burial of the dead nor ashen unhappiness nor fear, but only the white wall where little girls used to pee, and "pieces of dried lemon under the hard black of bottles". Lorca was disorganised and unsuccessful at school and university, but found himself when he began to make literary friends and to write. He was endlessly inventive and fluent, wrote love poems, folk poems, meditative lyrics, puppet plays, comedies, tragedies, laments, odes. He gave lectures, played the piano everywhere; travelled to the United States, Cuba, Argentina, Uruguay; worked with a travelling theatre in the early years of the Spa-

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ish Republic; went home to Granada a day or two before Franco's uprising, on 17 July 1936.

Many people who knew him have left descriptions of Lorca's charm and energy and innocence, but it all sounds a little febrile, and Gibson must be right to detect a darkness too in Lorca's temperament—a darkness indeed which may deepen the charm rather than contradict it. Gibson is a little dogged in his tracking this darkness to Larca's homosexual impulses and his tangled feelings about them. Certainly Lorca's sexuality tormented him, and the references in his poems to a "strange love", a "dark love", to unborn children and a "moon without seed/where the child of light will be burnt" speak clearly enough to (if not very clearly about) the topic. But heterosexual love can be pretty tormented, too, and it's hard to imagine Lorca's sadness as based simply on a social shame. Homosexuality here displaces a question rather than answers it.

If we want to say, as Gibson rightly does, that "the necessity of having to lead a double life in a society where homosexuality was considered abhorrent played a large part in the poet's underlying sadness and, at times, despair", we ought then to ask what made the double life so unhappy for *this* man. We would want to know not only about the possible sources of Lorca's feelings of guilt, but also about the quality of the guilt itself, since the same sources could produce many different responses.

To put it crudely, we would need to match, in a single picture, the person Lorca wanted his father to think he was with the chap who met up with Hart Crane in a sailors' bar in New York. Gibson seems to think the poet Aleixandre was being evasive when he said that even Lorca's *Sonnets of Dark Love* were not exclusively homosexual, but surely Aleixandre was only suggesting, as Proust had suggested before him, that love *is* often dark, and that, like resentment, it doesn't care about customary frontiers or classifications.

Francisco Garcia Lorca's book about his slightly older brother (Francisco was born in 1902) appeared in Spain in 1980. It combines modest and affectionate memoirs (about an uncle, a grandmother, Granada, de Falla, student years, early writing) and a set of poised critical studies of Lorca's plays—prefaces, it seems, to a planned edition.

Francisco Garcia Lorca offers us a persuasive account of his brother's charm in action, and an even more persuasive reason why that charm is so hard to illustrate. There are no "pithy sayings" to quote, he says, because Lorca was a "phenomenon", a "living fact", rather than a critic or a historian. He was "anti-historical or extra-historical" because "*he himself* was a fact worthy of being recorded historically". "He was the *result* of certain forces, to which he merely submitted..." This is to say that history both created Lorca and killed him, that we should read his work and his life as a historical text, the deposit of a dense and difficult moment.

It's good to know we can now look at his death *and* his life in this light; and that history, which is so often forgotten when it seems to be most remembered, can still be caught in the figure of this elusive poet.

Gandhi's gambles

COLONIALISM, TRADITION AND REFORM: AN ANALYSIS OF GANDHI'S POLITICAL DISCOURSE
Bhikhu Parekh
Sage £10.95 paperback/£19.75 hardback

Ian Jack

Early in 1936, when he was convalescing in Bombay, M K Gandhi experienced a prolonged erection. Other men of 66 might have celebrated, perhaps attached a small flag. But to Gandhi, who was unlike other men to the most radical degree, the stiffness caused profound, well-publicised misery. "An altogether strange and shameful experience," he wrote to a female colleague. "I felt, of course, no urge to gratify the craving, there was no self-forgetfulness whatever... but despite my best efforts the organ remained aroused."

Gandhi diagnosed the cause as surplus energy; on medical advice he had stopped working but continued to eat. The cure, accordingly, was to ignore his doctors and get back to work. For a time all went well and flaccidly. Then in 1938 came the "April Incident". In that year on the night of 14 April, Gandhi had a wet dream, a "nocturnal emission", another small bump in the night. The heavens fell.

He wrote to another female disciple, the Englishwoman Madeleine Slade: "The degrading, dirty, torturing experience of 14 April shook me to bits." Despair and guilt wiped out his self-confidence. He could hardly bring himself to face some important and difficult political negotiations with Jinnah, handed most of the burden to Nehru, and pondered the recurring problem of his unbidden sexuality. Seeking to share his experience—and possibly to lighten its load—he wrote an article for his newspaper, the *Harijan*, and freely discussed his penile activity with the many friends who advised in vain against publication.

What was he to do this time? Female friends suggested he avoid all contact with women; no glances, no letters, no conversations and, most important, no touching. Gandhi tried it for a while—he attached great importance to "feminine" wisdom—but soon went back to his old habits of sleeping among (rather than with) his women co-workers. After his wife died in 1944 he went further and began to sleep among them in communal nakedness. In the years before Gandhi's death, a nosy visitor to his ashram could have discovered the great leader and his grandniece as adjacent bundles of slumbering flesh, the wrinkles of a 77 year old man pressed close to smooth female breasts which had just turned 19.

Of such stuff are nocturnal emissions made, and that was Gandhi's point. His sleeping arrangements were both a test and a demonstration. Could man conquer his sexual urges? Nightly, the answer returned from this strange tableau: drily, limply, triumphantly, *yes*.

Of course, you do not need to be too much of a psychologist to see the problem here. Was Gandhi sleeping naked with girls for (by his own lights) the right reasons? What were his unconscious desires? And, equally important though usually neglected, how willing were the girls; and if willing, why?

Gandhi's conduct caused considerable gossip and disaffection, and several of Gandhi's associates raised these questions at the time. But, as Bhikhu Parekh observes in this book, the fact remains that not even Gandhi's worst enemies, including the British, doubted that at least Gandhi himself imagined he was conducting a wholly innocent experiment.

No public figure, certainly no mass leader such as Gandhi, has ever dared behave so frankly; think of the fuss caused by Jimmy Carter's mild admission to *Playboy* about "adultery in the heart". In Gandhi, frankness attained a kind of grandeur. To him it was simply "truth", the divine voice, but it led to all kinds of difficulties and contradictions, and the kind of stubborn risk which had his colleagues' hearts in their mouths. He loved to gamble and by no means all his gambles paid off. Gambling against the British in 1942, he allowed the Muslim League the unstoppable momentum which led to partition. Gambling with his own security, he got killed.

The nightly erection test (will I? won't I?) may have stemmed in part from this playful side of his nature. But behind it lay complicated strands of Hindu and western thought and personal history. Professor Parekh has unravelled them in a fine piece of analysis which neither buries the absurdities nor ignores the contradictions and yet leaves his subject undiminished, a truly marvellous human being.

My only quarrel is with the title, a collection of abstractions which give no clue to the riches inside the cover. Bhikhu Parekh is always specific and informative and sometimes entertaining. Wiser and more convincing explanations of the Mahatma may exist, but I have yet to read them.

A major artist

AN INVISIBLE SPECTATOR: A BIOGRAPHY OF PAUL BOWLES
Christopher Sawyer-Lauçanno
Bloomsbury £25

Diana Souhami

Paul Bowles is American, has lived most of his life in north Africa and is equally respected as a novelist and a composer. The themes of his books are sexual power, evil, violence and the disintegration of self. The manner of their telling is taut, dispassionate, clear and compelling. His music is lyrical and comes, it seems, from a different source. His unrevealing autobiography, *Without Stopping*, was published in 1972, but this is the first time a biography of him has been attempted.

Christopher Sawyer-Lauçanno has had an

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uphill task. He visited Bowles in Tangiers in 1986. Bowles, who is now 79, reluctantly agreed to an "unassisted, synthetic biography" and told him to include the statement: "PB found it so difficult to write the autobiography that he was unable to face getting involved in the same material and thus asked to be excused from all participation in the project." He also said he hoped no biography of him would be written during his lifetime.

All credit to Sawyer-Lauçanno that he kept his nerve and has written a sound book, full of information and chronological detail, thoroughly researched, deeply admiring of Bowles's artistic achievements and as close to the man as circumstantial evidence allows.

Which is not all that close. Bowles is private and strange. He learned early on to guard his inner world and let no one get too near. He inhabits what one of his characters calls "the exquisitely isolated cosmos of his own consciousness". The retreat inwards began as a defence and then became his creative world. When Bowles was a small boy his father made him chew each mouthful of food 40 times. If he swallowed too soon, he flicked him in the face with his linen table napkin. It was but one example of the man's sadistic tyranny. Bowles learned to live in an imaginary world where he had control. At the age of 19 he threw a meat knife at his father and left for Paris and the literary avant-garde of the 1930s.

It was Gertrude Stein who told him he would like Tangiers "because the sun shines every day". He travelled with Aaron Copland, who taught him composition. He felt incredibly happy in the louche magical cites of north Africa. He scrounged lodgings, money and meals, experimented with drugs and altered states of consciousness, composed music, dressed impeccably, contracted typhoid and established what was to be the essential rhythm of his life: work/travel/work.

With sufficient funds he would have stayed indefinitely outside the "prison of America". He returned in 1933. "The prospect of dinner tonight and breakfast tomorrow and all the days to come seemed to him unbearable." At a party he met Jane Auer. She was a talented writer, impulsive, vulnerable, 21 and an habitué of the lesbian bars. They married. "From fantasy to actuality is often a much shorter distance than one imagines," Bowles wrote of his marriage.

They vowed to accept each other for what they really were. Acceptance was their only security. They had no money, they were both homosexual, they had no shared rituals or social structure. Her writing came from the nuances of speech and response of urban America. He was inspired by threatening wild landscapes. She followed him on his strange journeys. When he made money from his novel, *The Sheltering Sky*, he bought Taprobane, an island off the southern tip of Ceylon. There was no electricity and vast colonies of bats with a three-foot wing span.

She disintegrated into madness with drink, destructive love affairs and an inability to work. Paul Bowles became ever more controlled, channelling the violence of his experience into his macabre and wonderful stories. Sawyer-Lauçanno rightly believes Bowles to be a major artist who is undervalued and he hopes his biography will attract new listeners to Bowles's music and new readers to his prose.

The ugly Englishman

OUR GRANDMOTHERS' DRUMS
Mark Hudson
Secker & Warburg £14.95

Adam Kuper

Captivated by a tourist's glimpse of Africa, Mark Hudson returned to spend 14 months in a Gambian village, and he has produced a well-written but unsatisfactory travelogue.

The interest of most I-was-there books is bound to lie largely in the adventures of the hero, but Hudson also aspires to provide insights into African life missing from scientific accounts. He suggests that if things were left to the anthropologists, we would remain ignorant of the heart of the matter, of what makes village people "different from each other, and from all other human beings". He may have been reading the wrong anthropologists, but in any case his character sketches are rather slight, and despite his exceptional literary ability the only real character in this book is Mark Hudson himself. Nevertheless, he is a representative figure, and his adventures are instructive.

Whatever Mark Hudson thinks of anthropologists, they do have to live in the community. He chose to live in the one village in the Gambia which was the site of a major British medical research project. This was not because he had the slightest interest in what seems—from some casual remarks—to be an unusual and successful enterprise, but apparently just because it was convenient. He lived in a house belonging to the Medical Research Council, in a compound of MRC houses, and took his meals with the staff of the project. He had three servants. ("A European could not live in Dulaba without servants...")

There were only a handful of resident whites but, as anthropologists well know, it is very easy to cut yourself off from Africa: a portable radio, a Penguin book may be enough. Hudson had virtually barricaded himself in. He belatedly discovered this in a most horrifying manner. "I had been living in the camp for nearly three months. For more than half of that time there had been a desperate shortage of food in the village. People had been physically suffering from the effects of hunger only yards from where I was living, and I hadn't even been aware of it." His response to this discovery is very revealing. "I wanted to understand their experience of hunger, to know what it meant to them. But it is difficult to spend time socially with people who will not eat for another 24 hours—if then—when you yourself are about to return home for an extremely adequate meal." Yet he continued to live in his house in the white compound, to eat in the staff mess, to employ three servants.

Still more problematically, Mark Hudson was particularly interested in the women. This was a Moslem village. Even husbands and wives did not consort in public. Men and women had their own societies, their special secrets which were fiercely guarded from the other sex. As Hudson began to move (tentatively and intermittently) beyond the white compound he blundered right through the culture's own barricades.

He insinuated himself into a woman's self-help group, and worked with them in the fields from time to time. The central women's cult is bound up with the practice of clitorodectomy. Assuming with characteristic romantic misguidedness that secrets must shield the essence of life, he tried to crash a girls' initiation camp. (One girl was badly wounded by her operation, and taken to the village clinic. Hudson was mortified when the white doctor would not release details to him without the parents' consent.) Finally, after a number of false starts, using a local MRC staff member as an intermediary, he managed a brief affair with a (married) woman who worked as a domestic servant for a white family.

Aside from a few bad moments, his extraordinary behaviour was tolerated. The only possible explanation is that the villagers associated him with the scientific research of the medical team, research which had clear and direct benefits for the community. It was presumably for the same reason that the doctors asked him not to have affairs with village women.

Third world villages regularly play host to young middle class English people taking a year off between school and university, university and professional life. This book should be translated by the Overseas Development Ministry and disseminated by MRC teams all over the world, so that the villagers can understand these travellers a little better.

View of the victim

COLD WAR, THIRD WORLD: AN ESSAY ON SOVIET - AMERICAN RELATIONS
Fred Halliday
Hutchinson Radius £7.95

Lawrence Freedman

Fred Halliday's contribution to the study of international affairs derives from his great knowledge of the politics of the third world and a keen sense of the linkages with the politics of the first and second worlds. He analyses the system from the perspective of the victim, debunks official mythologies and never forgets the less tasteful aspects of our history.

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So the approach is radical, but it is not idealist. Conflict is not presented as a result of a failure to accept the logic of international togetherness and the need for the peaceful settlement of disputes. Rather it reflects the clash of competing ideologies and traditional rivalries, moved on by the processes of social change.

Readers should not be put off by an introduction which is full of unnecessary adjectives and seems designed to demonstrate a proper contempt for almost everything that is going on in Britain in particular and the world in general.

The essay itself picks up where his previous work on the making of the second cold war left off. Halliday then demonstrated the extent to which the deterioration in US-Soviet relations reflected the frustration in Washington at its inability to cope with a revolutionary wave in the third world during the 1970s which in many ways appeared to, and in some case did, have the backing of Moscow.

In this volume we see the consequences of the Reagan administration's determination to reverse the trend of the previous decade through support for counter-revolutionary forces and occasional uses of its own military power. To the extent that it succeeded—and the revolutionary wave was both stopped and in some cases pushed back—much of the responsibility can be assigned to the failings of the revolutionary states and the retreat of the Soviet Union.

Halliday notes how the leaders of the revolutionary states frequently fought among themselves, alienated and often repressed their populations and followed misguided policies. They looked for international backing to the Soviet Union, but the limits of this support, especially in the economic sphere, became painfully evident. Under Gorbachev the Soviet Union has become inward-looking in a desperate search for economic revival. The "new thinking" has led to warnings to erstwhile clients that they must now look after themselves and would be well-advised to make their own peace with international capitalism.

The consequences of all of this for individual states and the international system as a whole are presented by Halliday with his customary incisiveness. It is hard to think of a better short guide to the fate of revolutionary regimes in the contemporary international system.

My main concern with his argument is that he does not fully come to grips with the possibility that international socialism is in terminal decline. It is true that the Soviet Union has not wholly abandoned its old friends, and still uses socialist concepts, but it is at least arguable that conflict in the third world has far less than before to do with the contest between socialism and capitalism, and is less usefully understood within the framework of a struggle against imperialism.

Halliday's focus on the superpowers also means that he exaggerates the importance of the United States. He perhaps sees a greater coherence in American policy than it deserves, overstating the importance of the 1988 document on *Discriminate Deterrence*, which was taken seriously everywhere but Washington, and understating the impact of the debacle in Lebanon in 1983/4. More seriously, the Europeans and Japanese are often curiously absent. The underlying thesis that east-west conflict in the third world will persist, albeit in a different form, in the forseeable future may not do justice to the growing complexity of international relations.

Irish incorrigibility

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF SOMERVILLE AND ROSS
Gifford Lewis (editor)
Faber £14.99

Patricia Craig

The claims made for Somerville and Ross as authors are high: according to Gifford Lewis, in her introduction to the *Selected Letters*, they wrote "the best Irish novel of the 19th century and the best set of comic tales of Irish life in the last days of the Ascendancy". I have to confess that I find one (*The Real Charlotte*) dull and the other wearisome, with its endless contretemps

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in the Irish countryside and singular turns of phrase— "'Many's the time Jamesy Geoghegan and meself used to be dhrivin' her to Macroom with gips an' all soorts,' says I...".

The R M stories (the first volume published in 1899) stand as a monument to Irish incorrigibility and the knockabout approach to life: all very amiable and high-spirited, indeed, but savouring inescapably of the stage-Irishness which, by the end of the century, had become a considerable source of affront to a good many people. While Major Yates, the Resident Magistrate, was being brought up smack against the antics of his social inferiors in colourful Skebawn, "Martin Ross's" relative, Lady Gregory, and her associates were in the thick of an opposing campaign to add dignity to Ireland, even if they had to bend over backwards to do it (in the wake of Lady Gregory, the amount of "peasant quality", or PQ, an Irish play contained, became the criterion by which to judge it).

Martin Ross—Violet Martin of Ross in Co Galway adopted this pseudonym for the books she wrote in collaboration with her cousin Edith Somerville, and it seems sensible to stick to it—Martin Ross was staying at Lady Gregory's Coole in the summer of 1901 when she met the poet W B Yeats and communicated her impressions of him in a letter to Edith Somerville. "Egregiously the poet", but not unsympathetic and unexpectedly humorous: this was the verdict.

Of Maud Gonne she took a less favourable view, commenting on the "badness" of her expression and the "huge mop of curled yellow hair [that] crowned her big fat body". (Of course Maud Gonne's and Martin Ross's political opinions were poles apart, one being an Irish nationalist and the other a unionist.) Such observations enliven a series of letters which all too often contain material fascinating to the recipient, one supposes, and to no one else, since many of its implications are lost on the reader. At the simplest level, we keep forgetting who all the Ediths and Selinas and Myross Woods and various other people are.

It's not that Somerville and Ross weren't exceptionally fluent and energetic correspondents, but simply that the doings of endless relatives and acquaintances, none of them particularly scandalous or otherwise riveting (one might wish for a touch of Vita Sackville West's *Edwardians* to ginger things up), don't take long to pall. We read about domestic excitements, like a visit from the sweep; dramas over church pews; visits to London and Scotland; social activities such as amateur theatricals; and the efforts of the Ascendancy to keep an intact roof above their heads, and go on providing full employment for the servant classes. Oh, and the ubiquitous fox-hunting, which Gifford Lewis assures us wasn't cruel, since the fox was "chopped" (killed by having its neck broken) before the hounds ate it.

Certain phrases and episodes from the letters do stick in the mind, it's true, like Edith Somerville's allusion to one "excellent supper", with "a huge pie like a Noah's ark with every sort of animal inside it", and Martin Ross's description of a dog that caught sight of her in the bath and promptly went into a fit. One literary prescription of Ross's seems sound—"to be brisk and candid and interested in common things"—as does the view of both authors that dialect is a matter of idiom rather than mispronunciation.

Edith and Martin — Paris, 1894

Unfortunately, the latter isn't borne out in their own work—"'If the tinker laves a sthroke of the pan on the misthress's dog, the Lord help him!' said Patsey"—and indeed their attitude to dialect (being funny about it, rather than by means of it) leaves one with a rather disagreeable impression. One of the merits of the letters is that Somerville and Ross aren't under any obligation to keep up a flow of comic Irishness and consequently project themselves, for the most part, as mettlesome and engaging.

Rage and despair

MEMORY OF SNOW AND DUST
Breyten Breytenbach
Faber £12.99

Nicci Gerrard

Breyten Breytenbach was born in South Africa, where he was a highly respected Afrikaner painter and poet. In 1959 he emigrated to Europe. He returned clandestinely to South Africa in 1979, was arrested, charged with terrorism, and served seven of a nine-year prison sentence. He now lives in Paris, writing about his native country and about the pain of exile and betrayal. Mano, one of the principle characters in *Memory of Snow and Dust*, is a Cape Coloured actor who also emigrates to Paris, also returns secretly to South Africa, and who is, like his creator, arrested on a trumped-up charge and imprisoned.

But if ghosts of autobiography haunt this huge and shocking novel, they are pushed into its muttering shadows. Mano, who is charged with murder and sentenced to death, is a character the reader approaches through the contradictory recollections of others. Chameleon-like by job and nature, he changes shape, colour (in South Africa he can pass as a white) and even name (Mano is also "Noma" and "Anom") under the point of other people's pens.

Moreover, the storyline of *Memory of Snow and Dust* is only its topsoil; the primary cast of characters are the fragile growths of flowers whose old tough roots grip and twine in deep earth. Breyten Breytenbach's great power is in compacting together myth and actual occurrence. Every character, however idiosyncratic, carries the burden of allegory; for all their shambling colloquialisms, they are also formal representatives of the South African predicament and the human condition. Meditating on the meaning of exile, guilt, love and death, they elide physical and metaphysical clues.

Memory of Snow and Dust is boisterous, witty and savage, but its structure is curiously static. Trapped in a terrifying present, characters reach back into their pasts and forward into their futures to pile up memories, hopes, images. Rather than moving the plot forward, Breytenbach shifts rapidly between narrators and styles, disturbing all equilibrium.

Meheret is a part-time journalist of Ethiopian origin. She is pregnant with Mano's child and much of the novel is her address to this unborn future, which weaves together recent and ancient history, erotic and political possibilities. Barnum is an exiled white South African writer, whose life Mano is researching for a film; his erudite, garrulous and pedantic comments break up Meheret's tale.

Furthermore, Barnum writes other characters into the already crowded tale: pantomime figures who are savagely incongruous among the details of humiliation and loss, they comment acidly upon the novel's progress, trace events in South Africa, discuss the place of literature in political struggles and deconstruct the significance of acting. Mano's voice is only heard towards the end of the novel when, imprisoned in a South African jail, tortured, raped, and awaiting death, he writes a bitter lament called "On the Noble Art of Walking in No Man's Land".

By cutting in and out of different narratives, Breytenbach combines literary audacity with a comprehensive indictment of the situation in South Africa. Whatever position he takes up—cynical, satiric, brutal, angry or tender—he condemns and exposes the rulers. As an exile, he laments while condemning the exile's penchant for exquisite masochism. As a historian, star gazer and poet he dissects and dreams.

But for all its vertiginous entertainments and compulsive undertows, *Memory of Snow and Dust* is extremely difficult to read, not because it is dense, complicated and allusive (though it is), nor because it requires attention to follow the novel through its patches of poetry, snippets of play, wadges of self-consciously declaimed theses, and blocks of history (though it does). It is difficult to read because of the excruciating quality of its rage and despair: the novel opens with the terror of impending doom, and ends without consolation.

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Summer in the city

Yet another hot day. Elizabeth Wilson discovers sudden desires and unexpected encounters in the city

I meet my friend Lenore on the bus. She's looking marvellous. Red T-shirt and espadrilles match her lipstick, the colour of tomatoes, and she's wearing wonderful Bermudas, black, red and parrot green. Her hair stands out in a bob that looks like it's been carved from black foam rubber.

So what's changed? She's still having trouble with the custody of her children, and has to go back to court *again* in another two weeks. This saga has gone on for months. So has the racial harassment in the flats. And the council's done nothing about it. These hot nights it's worse, if anything. There's been another incident. Bottles were thrown.

Yet today she's full of energy, she's left the kids with her mum; she's on her own, going off to see a friend. She leaps off the bus and strides away through the petrol fumes at the junction, the heat a source of energy, of defiance.

Another hot day. It's like a winning streak at *Vingt et Un*. Against all the odds, when you turn the cards up it's another ace, another king. With a sly smile you slip them into view, and you feel not lucky, but smug. I can't lose now; my lucky day...

A sense of excess and transgression invades all areas of life. You know it was never meant to be like this. How far can you push your luck? You spend afternoons in the cool darkness of almost empty cinemas. You experience sudden desires and unexpected encounters: yet making love becomes a slithery, passive experience, you might melt before anything happens. You swim at Highgate ponds. The grass by the ladies' pool is jammed with NALGO strikers.

"Isn't this wonderful—I don't feel stressed, I'm not tired. I don't think I'll go back to work ever." No winter of discontent, this is the summer of serenity; who wouldn't rather water the garden than sit in a crowded commuter train?

In northern winters you hardly feel you're outside at all, the street is like a corridor, an interior, some cheerless antechamber: the city as total institution. Now the sun splits it open —bomb damage, waste ground, cracks in the facades and grass that grows as pale as wheat; this is an open city, the rules are relaxed, routine is made strange. The heats rolls you in

Christine Roche

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warm treacle. It presses up close to you, rubs itself against you like a great invisible cat. Sunlight flashes a steel blade off the wings of cars. Mirrors glitter, and a breath of wind through the hair, and a casual elbow protrudes from every rolled-down window. This is the freeway, driving to work was never like this. This is science-fiction city.

Another hot day. For the chorus of pale old women on the bus, as faded and whitish beige as their clothes, the heat is an added source of misery. So close, so humid, that's what they always say. This heat is cruel. God, I think, can't the Brits ever stop moaning? When it's wet they whine, when it's cold they hate it. Now this brilliant weather becomes another scapegoat for their discontent. But in the flats those little rooms are ovens, and the caretakers are on strike so the waste-chute's blocked and the stench from the bursting plastic bags of rotting food gets so bad you have to have the windows shut. One of them found maggots crawling everywhere. It's a health hazard, they're frightened of rats.

Another hot day. Two months of it and this is a third-world city. In southern suburbs they're queueing for water at stand-pipes a 20-minute walk from home. Fighting breaks out. The water has to be boiled. Civilisation begins to break down. And people demand compensation. Don't they realise it was always like this. It's hot

The heat presses up close to you, rubs itself against you like a great invisible cat

and cold running water that's the aberration. In the desert the women toil for miles with their buckets and gourds. Before 1945 in the English countryside, and in the slums, they had one tap on a landing.

There's outrage on the radio because some petty entrepreneur is selling water for two quid a bucket—a thoroughly appropriate thing to do in Thatcher's Britain, I'd have thought, Victorian values to the nth degree. They got their water from stand-pipes then, too, in the summer of 1859, the summer of the Great Stink when the Thames was like an open sewer. They thought you could catch cholera from the smell, so they hung great sheets that had been soaked in chloride of lime over the windows along Whitehall. Think of those Victorians in their thick black suits, their waistcoats, their corsets and crinolines and bodices and gloves.

Remember the hysteria in 1976—the droughts, the subsidence, the riots at Notting Hill? They said it would never get cold again, that instead of the ozone layer there'd be a copper dome of exhaust fumes to lock us into some European Bronx forever.

The hysteria's starting again. Yet something has changed. Now the young, at least, are taking the heatwave in their stride. And, like on *Come Dancing*, they wear fewer and fewer clothes. No Victorian values in the way we dress. You need (whatever sex you identify with) a vest (black or white), shorts (black, white or denim), a tattoo, an elastic band for your bunch and tiny round sunglasses the size of a sixpence, framed in steel. And you need muscle. The young are working out. Hard muscle; tough times. Young women wear vest bras and shorts like school knickers; or items from the Marks and Spencer's lingerie department—langorous camisoles and bikini panties with frills: the street as boudoir. Or men and women, alike, encase their thighs like shiny black sausages in cycling shorts that must be hotter than any garment on earth.

So? That's fashion these days. Gaultier himself said all you need is a white shirt, a jacket and jeans (and he meant women).

Minimal dress, though, while just the thing, can also be the end. Except in the city, where they're pretending nothing has happened, there's a T-shirt for every walk of life, the bottom line in industrial dress. The outsize lager drinker's T-shirt is the ultimate sartorial dustbin into which a suet-coloured body, oozing fat, can be flung while its owner goes on eating and drinking like there is no tomorrow. Women of 50 wear them fitted, pulled over a preformed, separated bra and carefully pastel to match the gathered cretonne skirt. They must think they're still *in* the fifties. Meanwhile it's message T-shirts for the young: "I'm an SM dyke" announces one, its wearer scrupulously non-aggressive in the bus queue mêlée during a train-strike rush hour.

Every sash window of the squat on the high road is pushed up to its farthest extent. Three punks sit on the front steps of the 18th-century mansion. Inside, a 40-watt bulb makes a pinpoint of light, denoting a continuing radical commitment to indoor life, but the house gapes open and what furniture there is lies strewn around the grass at the front. Their full punk regalia, which adheres strictly to a wholly urban style, bearing no relation to comfort or nature, suggests a resolute refusal to modify one's dress to suit the climate.

Nature, however, does figure here in London, unlike, perhaps, Detroit, Manhattan, Palermo, Athens, Limassol, southern cities whose very names speak of heat and dust. In any case the dusty, arid countryside out of which they have grown is more like an excavated ancient site than anything we would call the country. But here, in the mauve dusk of Hampstead, the grasses sigh, and the foliage of trees thickens into a rural glade as theatrical as the Forest of Arden. White bodies tumble off the diving raft into the green lake. There are picnics, pastoral settings, suburban gardens with splashing pools.

That's another dream, though, far from the heart of the city. It's in this stony landscape that the truth of the summer city is found. Through its uninhabited ravines some far-off music echoes from the open window of an empty room, a woman's voice aching with melancholy, stale music washing through the hot, stale air: a weekend city in which you're the lone survivor, while its millions crowd the parks, the pools, the freeways.

Only in dark mansion flats, a few survivors float through watery green interiors like alligators at the bottom of a lagoon.

Cinema

The bat business

Suzanne Moore emerges mesmerised by the "Batman" buzz

Let's be honest about this, it doesn't really matter one way or the other what I think about **Batman.** Which is just as well because I'm at the stage where I can't *think* about *Batman* any more. It's enough to sit mesmerised by the statistics, the publicity, the buzz. Look I know that this isn't what you expect from a film review but I admit it—the hype has actually got to me. My critical faculties had been zapped, shot to pieces, immobilised before I even saw the bloody film.

It's not that I've been whipped into a frenzy by Batmania. Quite the opposite, in fact. I'm suffering from a total excess of information. ▷

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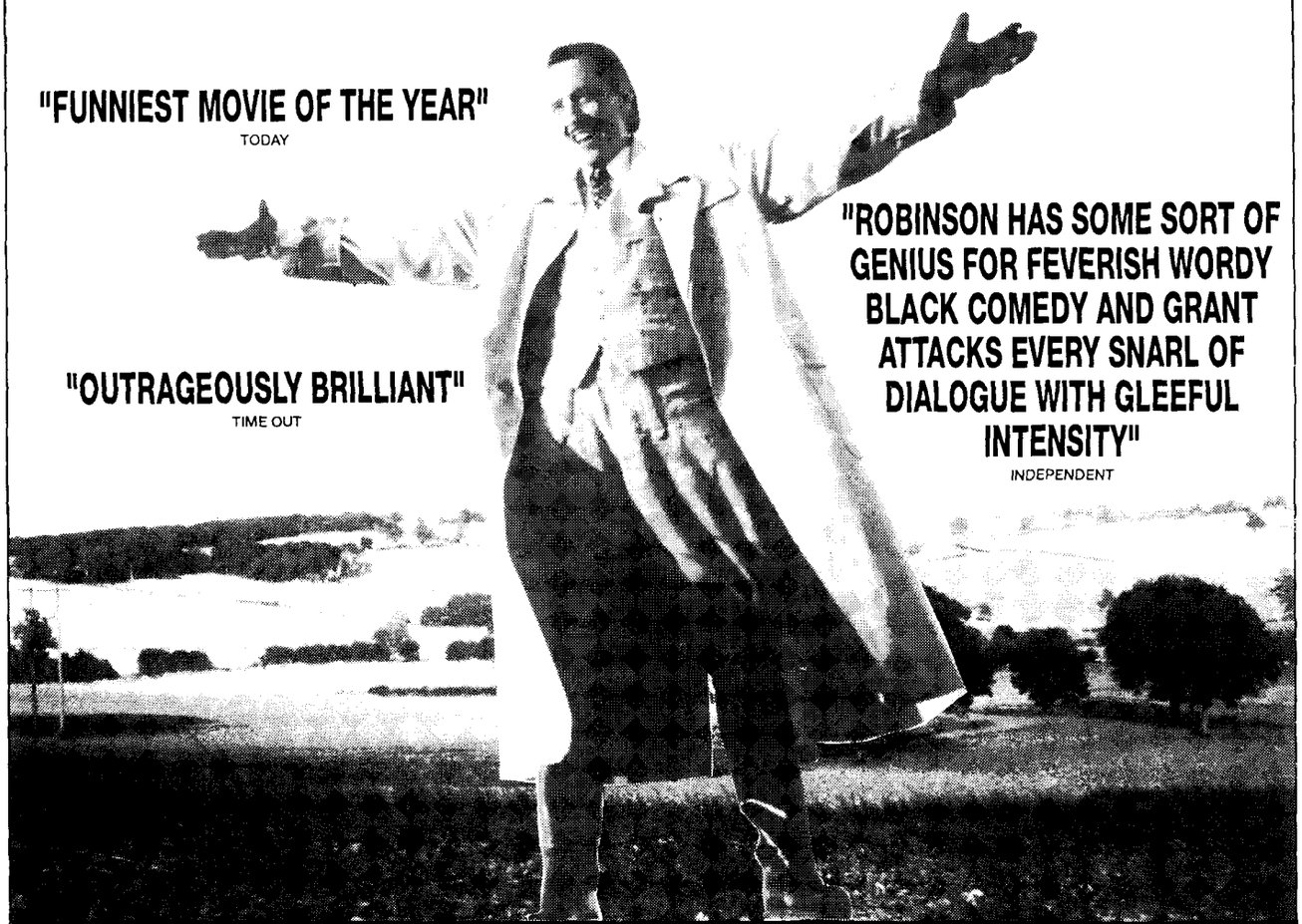

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Lost in a whirlwind of press releases and interviews, sneak previews and predictions, of Batman badges and backpacks and boxer shorts, of test screenings and market research, I have to keep reminding myself that somewhere there is a movie. And that I have actually seen it. Or at least I think I have. Perhaps it was just a premonition of the sequel—"Batman 2". Perhaps I'm thinking of the Batdance video. I don't know.

You see that's the worst thing about Batfatigue. You get confused. All that you can hold on to is the merchandise. You don't even have to want all this useless stuff. You know it's real when your kids start whingeing for it. And if that fails, you can cite all those vast and meaningless figures. All those millions of dollars it cost to make—35 to be precise—and all those millions of dollars it's going to make. How it took $40.49 million in the first opening weekend alone in the states and $160 million in the first month—outgrossing every other film in movie history. These are the facts.

But if you're suffering from Batfatigue the whole thing takes on the nightmarish air of an extreme conspiracy theory. Warner Brothers owns the film, owns the record company that has just released Prince's best-selling soundtrack; it owns DC comics and it owns the Batman licence. In the UK alone Warner Brothers has licensed 30 different companies to sell 150 products. The movie itself may or may not be phenomenal but the process surely is—further proof of the concentration of ownership at the top end of the media industries.

This hellish scenario seems so all powerful, so all encompassing that one is numbed into the fatal strategy of going with the flow rather than trying to swim against the tide. And anyway what's the point of feigning interest in popular culture if you lose heart once culture gets *this* popular? Yet even in the sweaty delirium of Batfatigue, and the dull fascination with which we watch this glob of media conglomerates selling us its secrets, discussing its PR exercises in loving detail, presenting itself as seamlessly and inevitably powerful, it's good to see that even capitalism isn't as smoothly efficient as it might be.

Warner Brothers has issued a set of particularly paranoid press releases urging "all concerned citizens to help battle (video) piracy". With the Batman video not scheduled till 1990, illegally duplicated prints are changing hands for large sums. I don't know who would actually want to see a poor quality video that's been shot directly from a cinema screen with a handheld camera—which apparently happens. But I'm kind of glad they do.

They have also, in Britain at least, screwed up the chance to cash in on marketing tie-ins by not giving its UK subsidiary enough advance warning of its release date. In other words, *Batman* may be everywhere but at least not on your cereal packets: even vertical integration begins to disintegrate under pressure.

The logic and logistics of making consumption so conspicuous eventually takes its toll; consumer exhaustion replaces consumer exhilaration and we all look around for the next big deal. Judging by most of the interviews given by director Tim Burton and Michael Keaton (who plays Batman in the film), they have been similarly affected. Burton is depressed and drained by the experience. It is, after all, only his third film. To recover he suggests: "A month in a little hospital somewhere hooked up to an IV unit. And then a short documentary on Abba." Michael Keaton, meanwhile, has responded to the hype with a series of spectacularly bland "I'm just a regular guy" style interviews that manage to make even Kim Basinger sound interesting by comparison.

Jack Nicholson as The Joker—the ultimate eco-villain—has all the best lines

Burton is understandably sick of being compared incorrectly to Spielberg. The only similarity is that they were given the chance to direct big budget movies at a relatively young age. Spielberg, like Burton, was 29 when he made *Jaws*, the movie that established his reputation. Other than that they are miles apart. While Spielberg's fantasies are of a universal and mythical lost innocence, Burton's are altogether more wayward and warped, deriving specifically from the cultural detritus of the ultimate consumer society. Both *Pee-Wee's Big Adventure* and *Beetlejuice* depend for their humour on upturning established notions of good taste. Pee-Wee Herman, suspended for ever between childhood and adulthood, is perversely unsettling in his adoration of trash. While *Betelgeuze*, the farting bio-exorcist, is monstrous simply because he is truly tasteless—unacceptable to homely preppies and pretentious yuppies alike.

In *Batman* it is Jack Nicholson as The Joker who fulfils this role. Lewd and lascivious, in garish outfits, The Joker becomes the ultimate eco-villain polluting the cosmetics of Gotham City from his chemical plant. Nicholson steals the show as The Joker. He has all the best lines (which are few and far between) but there is no way that the scriptwriters' strike in Hollywood can be used to excuse the lack of good plot or good writing. Though film is primarily a visual medium, I'm sure that I'm not alone in tiring of the increasing number of blockbusters that rely totally on dramatic imagery.

Perhaps Burton was simply overwhelmed by the fact that there were already so many Batman storylines that he forgot to work out one for himself. The decision to go back to the source—the darker character of the comic books—rather than trying to rework the camp television series, was a brave one. And, at times, there are hints that this lone obsessive vigilante may be psychotic and and that part of this psychosis is the symbiotic relationship that Batman has with his alter-ego The Joker. But, on the whole, these ambiguities get lost, not least because Bruce Wayne (Batman) is required to have a relationship with photographer Vicki Vale (Basinger). This attempt to normalise Wayne runs counter to the isolated, emotionally damaged and morally ambiguous figure of the later comic books—*The Killing Joke* and Frank Millar's *Dark Knight*. There is no point trying to make him into a Superman-type hero because it is his flawed humanity that makes the character interesting in the first place.

These sinister aspects emerge most sucessfully in a brilliant noirish set which designer Anton Furst describes as based on "the worst aspects of New York City ... A city where there has been no planning or zoning controls." This is a cleverly retro vision of the future, a deliberately postmodern ragbag of styles, a threatening and shadowy contrast to *Superman*'s sunny, wide open spaces—and one that externalises the scarred psyche of the dark knight, the ever-youthful vigilante better than Keaton's subdued performance.

But all of this pales into insignificance besides the everpresent Bat insignia. As the media saturates itself with Bat stories already creating the hype for the sequel, the film remains somehow the least important part of the whole business. The empty heart in the corporate body. The soul is elsewhere in the transcendental business deals, in Burton's clichéd struggle for artistic control, in our desire to buy into a second-hand version of a second-hand fantasy. Like I said, if I haven't described exactly what I think about the film it's because I can't think about it anymore. I have had enough. The point is that I went to see it or I think I did. And now it really doesn't matter one way or the other....

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Art

Keep the beer mat flying

Amanda Sebestyen on the art world's fear of the mob

Travelling redraws the map. Your own country, especially, becomes a very different shape. The vast International Biennale of Graphic Art in Ljubljana, Yugoslavia, gave me a new art world where countries more likely to reach the files of Amnesty than the fairs of the west were full of audacious and delicate work. Britain, on the other hand, was, from the evidence of its pictures, in deep trouble.

Alone among the whole spacious display the British walls were crammed with figures: brutal beery proles seething into pubs and betting shops and prison waiting rooms; armoured fascists, molesting nymphets, headless corpses, rusting battlefields of industrial machinery. Any beauty or romance was clearly tied to trips abroad—Greece, say, or California.

An avalanche of grotesques had replaced the pastoral landscape. Where the romantic tradition says the city is hell and the country is heaven, now heaven is other countries and hell is the whole British island.

The Thatcher Years: A Retrospective (at Flowers East, 199 Richmond Road, London E8 until 20 August) tells the same story. Horror of the mob, as fearful as any pre-revolutionary aristo's, glares from so many of the canvases.

Peter Howson's *Psycho Squad* is a gang of dick-headed skins, more like poisoned toadstools than people. Covering all ideological bases Howson gives them Nazi salutes, a sickle, *and* a police truncheon. Jock McFadyen's lumpen matriarch has a face like a boil and talon nails welded to her lager can. Ian Breakwell's black-and-white *National Sport* mixes football stripes with skull-and-crossbones with Union Jack. Nothing human is allowed to surface in the crowd of cretinous faces that are just incidental patterning on the picture's progress towards the swastika.

The same elements are deployed with much more sophistication by photo-realist punsters Boyd & Evans in their six-part series called "Price, Cost and Value". *Community Charge* is led by mounted police; *Set Aside* snaps Thatcher going walkabout along a rusted railway siding; *Oil Revenue* means a blazing rig; *Balance of Payments* means red hands at Heysel stadium; *Self Determination* means people stranded among Falklands penguins. But once the disasters are registered, what then? What is it that keeps these tightly patterned pictures so one-dimensional, compared with the no less didactic Latin Americans at the Hayward gallery? Could it be the lack of any sense of human agency?

A look at what the Thatcher years have meant *inside* the art world may help to answer the question. Overwhelmingly the decade's "new painting" has meant a return to the human figure and the huge scale. John Keane, the artist who originated the idea for this show (though he did not choose the other work displayed), has painted its key picture *The Old Lie Cafe*. It is vast, wetly and bloodily painted. Here sits a soldier with his head blown away, alongside surgeons, planners, brokers, cafe-socialites. On the tables are televisons, tabloids, toy battleships. The barman is black and his customer is in a wheelchair while, at a private

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Covering all ideological bases: Peter Howson's "Psycho Squad" (left) and, below, the misunderstood female artist in Amanda Faulkner's "Red Eye"

Brutal figures feature in British paintings: Jock McFadyen's lumpen matriarch in "Copperfield Road": her face like a boil and her talon nails welded to her lager can

table behind, arms merchants confer. It is, I suppose, so true, so right, so better-than-the-others, and yet...

An adjoining wall presents the other cheek of eighties art. This identically sized canvas is filled with nothing but one giant jock, gambolling in cycling shorts through a meadow of juicy flowers. Jonathan Waller calls his picture *Self-Preservation*, and this is exactly what artists this decade have had to turn out in order to survive. But his picture and Keane's are like inseparable companion pieces.

Two women sum up the real feeling at the stub of the eighties, where aesthetics is the last refuge for rebellion. Amanda Faulkner's *Red Eye* shows a misunderstood female artist struggling to create under a hail of Thatcher heads and high-heeled feet.

Helen Chadwick shows *Three Houses* in a net of palladian lines. Only a handful of people could know that the first house is her own in Beck Road, Hackney, a squatted artists' collective now under threat; the centre is the House of Commons; the last is the tied cottage of Chadwick's brother who works as a shepherd for nuppence a week. In front, gazing in, lies the blanket-wrapped back of the artist. A portrait of 1989: haunting, and entirely self-enclosed.

Drink

Eau de vie

Robin Young is one of the few who still risk tap water

I drink London tap water. Colleagues marvel at my foolhardiness. "Here's another trip down loss-of-memory lane," I quip merrily as I lift my glass. They, meanwhile, prefer to pay for Evian and Perrier—and then top up their quotient of poison additives by making tea with dioxin-bleached bags.

Not that I can stomach mains water everywhere. In the chalk hills of Hampshire, where I was brought up on water of crystal purity from a deep, cool well, the water now comes through the tap with a reek of chlorine strong enough to knock you to the other side of the room. The well is now a cess-pit.

Down in Cornwall, on the family farm where the water was always moorland brown, I would not trust South West Water (who could?), though now it comes with the shiny gloss only aluminium sulphate, apparently, can give it.

Nor shall I follow the advice of Professor James Edwardson of Manchester University, a "world expert on aluminium and Alzheimer's disease" who was part of an exercise to reassure the citizens of Camelford who had their hair turned green, their mouths ulcerated and their bones banded with aluminium when South West Water delivered them water polluted with 20 tonnes of aluminium sulphate. I would be perfectly safe, Professor Edwardson told me, if I drank water with 1200 mg per litre of aluminium sulphate, a concentration far greater than any Camelfordian was likely to have consumed.

He told me that he, and several of his staff, had drunk "many" glasses of such stuff and then tested their own blood. They did it because there was no other data available regarding the consumption of large amounts of aluminium sulphate. His memory, he added, was fine.

It was not Professor Edwardson's memory I doubted but his reason. The scientific worth of his brave, and doubtless exceedingly unpleasant experiment, struck me as being on about a par with the argument: "Uncle Fred's smoked 50 a day, and he's 94."

The uncomfortable fact is that the water they are currently spending millions to privatise gives increasing numbers of people the feeling that it is making them sick. And the customers could be right. Problems include aluminium, iron, nitrates from intensive farming, and polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons from coal-tar linings in the water mains.

So perhaps it is not surprising that people prefer to pay 600 times more for bottled water.

I was early on the bottled water bandwagon. Faced with the task of putting drinks to dinner-party menus for a leading women's magazine (*Good Housekeeping*), I rashly followed the advice of an advert I saw as I went to deliver my

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first copy. "With tagliatelle," it said, "Fortarelle". I scribbled an addendum at the bottom of my copy accordingly, and the editors were so impressed with the ideas that for the next four years I had to recommend another water to go with every dish.

Most of it, I can admit now, was done on grounds of geographic affiliation with the recipe's origins rather than taste but, for what it's worth, my favourite bottled waters are Malvern (the Queen won't go without it), Evian, Spa, Ramlosa and Badoit. The last two be it noted, have sodium levels which exceed the maximum acceptable under tap-water regulations. Perrier is too gassy and high in nitrate. Ashbourne, Highland Spring ("not a trace of a foreign accent", they advertise, but it is owned by Arab sheiks) and plenty of others are quite OK.

The most important thing if you are going to keep supplies any length of time is to insist on glass bottles, not PET which quickly makes the water taste as if it came from puddles. In the case of Badoit it seems impossible to get the water in glass bottles unless you buy it in restaurants. Why?

Food

The magic might linger

Paul Morley on a century of excess and eccentricity at The Savoy

Someone wondering what the hell to do with their life—perhaps Prague's most celebrated post-Kafka snob, perhaps someone desperate for a game of charades—sat in Czechoslovakia on a sad cold day, and sent a letter addressed simply to "The Manager of The Greatest Hotel in London". Guess where this letter ended up. Brown's? Claridges? Somewhere along Park Lane? A b&b off Willesden Lane? Terry Venables? Santa Claus? No, the PO did the decent British thing, and delivered the letter to **The Savoy**.

History was made. Fireworks were lit. Cocktails were drunk. Everything had come up roses. If Noel Coward were more than alive today, he would have written a song about that magical travelling letter. Walter Hagen would have positively belted it, using a 19th-century five iron, from the roof of the hotel, right out into the middle of the Thames. Dimitry Shostakovitch would have conducted it. Mark Twain would have outwitted it. Liberace would have pinned it to his lapel. The chef would have made the letter a featured part of the Grilled Scallops with Kohlrabi in Lime Butter Sauce. And ex-King Umberto would have eaten it.

You can see a copy of this legendary letter, underneath the photograph of the Princess of Wales holding her own little letter addressed to

Hulton-Deutsch

Choosing wine at The Savoy in 1927

The Greatest Prince in London, in Stanley Jackson's *The Savoy—A Century of Taste*, published by Frederick Muller at a nice and snobby £14.95. You can see a photograph of the Grilled Scallops with Kohlrabi... and learn how to do it yourself while you're staying at the b&b off Willesden Lane, on page 62 of Kingsley Amis's *Savoy Food and Drink*. Actually, Kingsley turns up, a little confused, his anecdotes lightly poached, for the introduction, before he lets his head drop into the Essence de Pot-au-Feu Churchill, a consommé that might not have won us the war but which photographs well. It is believed that when Groucho Marx was asked by the receptionist how long he would be staying, he replied, with the wit of someone used to appearing in the index of hardback books, "Until I spill the Essence de Pot-au-Feu Churchill."

Churchill all but lived there during the war, which he probably won simply to save The Savoy, which he nicknamed *Essence de Civilisation*, so the least they could do was name a soup after him. Because of Churchill's presence, the hotel became a main target for the Luftwaffe. As the bombs dropped, determined to make a splash in Winston's consommé, Noel Coward would, in a smart fit of resistance, sit at a white piano and sing for hours. It was, they say, Sir Noel's finest hour, and one of many for The Savoy, the most bombed hotel during the Blitz.

The war was won: the whys and ways of civilisation that The Savoy symbolised could not be wiped out, and Churchill couldn't bear the thought of life without the hotel's large white ash trays. "Most convenient for cigar smokers." The Savoy was saved. Forty-five years later, the anecdotes are poached, the hardback books are published, the letter is delivered, and The Savoy celebrates 100 years of outrageous fussiness, and chilling service; 100 years of the famous and the mad making the most alarming demands on the staff and their patience in the hope that one day they would name a drink after them; 100 years of pampering, pomp and luxury. A century of excess and eccentricity that can be reduced, as in Jackson's *A Century of Taste*, to a kind of extended gossip column. A fantasy island of tango, caviar, royalty, silk dressing gowns, popping corks, sauces, stuffings, herbs and spices, and classic one-liners. One hundred years of surface excess, where the most shocking things that have happened are Twiggy's trouser suit, Monroe's nylon midriff and Elton John letting his bath overflow.

It's the glitter that hints at a familiar, lovable kind of show-biz history, the staging of a sheer consistent 20th-century exhibitionism, the glossy suggestions of how to live the text book rich life in spite of it all, that lifts The Savoy beyond just being another hotel, a mere place to stay, a bed for the night, to being one of the more interesting rides in Britainland. The Savoy represents the history of the century as one long gossip, a silly, wonderful fusion of old fashion and new permissiveness, of the shock of the new immediately crystallised into quaintness, of a dreamy yesterday and a tough now, a gayness that might have been.

The hotel quickly built a reputation on indulging the cranks and cuteness of the insanely rich and powerful, and its ability to caress the whim and foible of the maddest and fussiest has seen it not only survive into the nineties and a harder age of excess, but still win awards. But what makes 100 years of The Savoy a piece of comfortable make believe is everything that happened between D'Oyly Carte and Churchill, between Eisenhower and Callas, the myth-mix of glamour and glory sent down to us through the years, cleanly and with the edge on legend. The Savoy dropped dead, as these things did, in the serious seventies. It was the poor old Savoy. By the end of the mixed up eighties it had been resurrected in its own honour, in recognition of incredible service, as a vivid memory of fantastic indulgence and naughty nonsense, as its own fantasy, in London but not really of it, a straight recall of when such attention to detail and comfort was new, exciting and unheard of.

Sat in The American Bar, itself honeyed with cocktail history, one calls oneself "one", and pleases oneself with a fairly proper Martini. One hums a favourite piece of Gilbert and Sullivan. A few Martinis later, and one is singing the entire Gilbert O'Sullivan catalogue. The Savoy is now always its past; it's a soft place of nostalgia to visit when you want to touch time, and feel shadows. However it puffs itself up about its next 100 years, nothing will happen there that will add many pages to Stanley Jackson's book. It has all happened: the next century is recreation. Something happened, and the magic might just linger. This Sunday, for £130, you can attend the celebratory ball, and imagine the original madness. Later this year, you can come and watch the celebrity *Give Us A Clue*, featuring Richard Briers, Lionel Blair and Paul Eddington. It's a long way from Noel Coward and the white piano, from Churchill and his white ashtrays, from Caruso and Bankhead and Beaton and Porter. But then everything is. Only at The Savoy can you dream that any of this happened, if you want to. The Savoy is instant history: just add your own cocktail. Not so much The Greatest Hotel In London as The Greatest Hotel in a fantasy of London.

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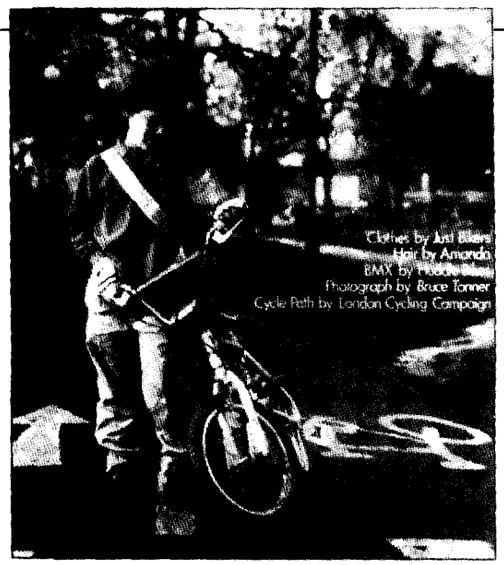
Explore your inner strengths and spirituality in the perfect setting. Sessions run by professional psychologist.

Tel: 0952 820155.



JOIN US

London Cycling Campaign,
3 Stamford Street,
London SE1 9NT
Telephone 01 928 7220
Annual membership: £8 waged/£4 unwaged.

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VOLUNTEER NOTICE BOARD is a free service provided by New Statesman & Society with financial assistance from Thames Television's Help programme. Interested organisations are invited to send their copy (approximately 45 words) to Dawn King at New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ by Friday preceding publication date. Please note this service is for recruiting volunteers only. If you have salaried vacancies contact the Classified Department on 01-739-1645.

ELCHANAN ELKES Assoc. for Intercommunity understanding. Volunteers are needed in Israel from the middle of October for various projects with elderly & handicapped. Some projects last 3 weeks some 2 months. Experience prefered. Phone 0533 775369 or 0533 415582.

COMEDY WRITER with M.E. needs volunteer male or female general assistant. No special skills or experience required but competent driver and flexibility essential. Accommodation + £40 p.w. Please also apply if interested for a later date. Contact Ann Fletcher, Buckden Towers, Huntingdon, Cambs, PE18 9TA. Tel: 0480 62990/811146.

YOUNG PEOPLE between 16 & 21 wanted to take part in an exchange voluntary project for the International voluntary service. The dates are 1-10 August in Islington and 31 Aug - 16 Sept in Northern and Southern Ireland. The project will involve some manual work but also social activities. We will be sharing communal accommodation. If interested contact Mo on 01 704 9563 or Fred on 01 806 1395.

WOMEN IN PRISON seek Spanish speaking woman to work one day a week in their North London office. Interesting and rewarding work. Travel expenses paid. More information from: Prue Stevenson 01-609 7463.

PLEASE CAN YOU HELP? Waltham Forest Mencap needs volunteers. For befriending, escorting on shopping trips, seaside trips etc., going to the pub, football matches and sports activities. Volunteers are also needed for driving and escorying on our minibus. Even if you only have one or two hours per week to spare we would like to hear from you. Please telephone 556 3445 (9.00 am - 5.00 pm Monday to Friday) and ask for Geraldine.

AMITY READING CLUBS asks voluteers to help with individual tuition, in supportive community settings, of adults with special difficulties in literacy. Clubs exist in SW16, SW2, SE24 and SE28. Phone Gladys (311-7628) or Betty (928-5486) to find out more and to arrange a visit.

THE FOURTH WORLD Educational & Research Association Trust (working for small nations, ethnic independence and community power) urgently seeks voluntary help to run its Academic Inn, research work, assemblies & conferences, publications and accounts. Self motivation, readiness & responsiblity important. 24 Abercorn Place, N.W.8. Tel 286 4366.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED for Kids/ ILEA playscheme July 31st - August 18th. Please join in the fun with children with special needs aged 4 - 15 based at Alexander Priory School, Swiss Cottage. Contact Liz Dodd 431 0596.

SOUTHEND WOMEN'S group needs pro-choice women volunteers for its pregnancy testing service, to help on a rota system with drop-in sessions on Saturday mornings. No experience needed - training will be given. For more information phone 0702 353652.

HELP!

The HELP programme is a 4 minute local programme appearing at 6.20 pm approximately (check TV Times) on Thames TV, three times a week. Here is a summary of this week's programmes.

THAMES HELP! has finished for the summer but will be returning in September. As usual we have produced booklets to accompany many of the programmes in the series. Recent publications include:

SPECIAL CARE BABIES

SPECIAL NEEDS EDUCATION

VIOLENCE BREEDS VIOLENCE
(The Case Against Smacking)

LEGIONNAIRES DISEASE

ALTERNATIVE MEDICINE

If you would like these booklets or any of our publications they are free and can be obtained by writing to:
Thames Help!
PO BOX 11 London NW1 3HZ.

ABORTION ANONYMOUS is a telephone counselling service for women facing an unwanted pregnancy or who have been through an abortion. We urgently need volunteers to help us raise funds to enable the line to operate. If you have ideas, enthusiasm (and energy!) ring our answerphone on 01-202 8994.

SUMMER SCHEME in Camden: Volunteer needed to drive a minibus with tail lift for two days a week for 3 weeks – July 31st-August 18th. You will be working with disabled and able bodied young people on lively and fun day trips. Travel and lunch expenses paid. Contact Jane Taylor (01) 624 0915.

LIVE-IN VOLUNTEER required to share a home in North London with 4 adults with learning difficulties. Duties include 20 hours plus 3 - 4 sleep-ins per week. Board and lodging plus pocket money provided. For further information, contact Julie Gittins, 68, Great North Road, London N2 ONL, by August 25th 1989.

YOUTH BRIGADE TO CHILE leaves January 1990 for 6 weeks of solidarity work with the Chilean people, especially students. Includes 2 weeks practical work, 4 weeks visits & meetings with social / political groups. Funds raised as a brigade with CSC help. Interested? Contact Chile Solidarity Campaign 01 272 4298.

A LEONARD CHESHIRE Foundation Home for 10 people with a mental handicap in S.E. London requires volunteer care assistants. Expenses & allowances paid. Tel: Dee Napier / Nick Baxter 01 659 8962.

WOMAN WANTED TO SHARE house with eight others, some of whom have a learning difficulty. Rent £36.00 inc. per week. For further information contact Alan or Kim at Islington Mencap Tel. 01 607 8762.

CHESTER AID to the Homeless are looking for volunteer workers for their hostels. For 6 to 12 months. Full board, holiday pay and weekly allowance paid. For further details telephone Anita Presford on 0244-318360 or write to Roodee House, 22 Grosvenor Street, Chester GH1 2DD.

A GENEROUS ALLOWANCE is paid to House Assistants at Guldford Cyrenian Hostel for 12 single homeless men as well as free board and lodging in separate accommodation. We are looking for responsible people of 19+ to work for a minimum of 6 months. Phone 0483 60762 or write to 43 Walnut Tree Close, Guildford Surrey, GU1 4UL.

PEOPLE'S PLACE, a black-led Christian Voluntary Organisation in Hackney aims to provide a befriending & counselling service to prisoners, ex-offenders aged 17-25 and their dependants. Volunteers are needed to assist us working in and out of prisons. We would like to hear form anyone interested in working with young people. For further information, tel. or write to Claudette Brown, The People's Place, 13-21 Hoxton Street, London N1 6NL. Phone: 01 729 5050.

MEDICAL CAMPAIGN Against Nuclear Weapons needs volunteers with skills for parliamentary monitoring / lobbying, typing, filing & conference organisation. Contact Tony Smythe, Director, MCANW 601 Holloway Road, London N19 4DJ.

COMMONWEALTH SOCIETY for the Deaf would very much welcome volunteers to help with the general running of the office - typing, filing, general clerical duties - and also with varied fund raising events. If you have one or two days or hours a week to spare and would like to help us please call Elisabeth: 631 5311. We look forward to hearing from you.

BRISTOL: FULL-TIME volunteer needed to work with single homeless men in 50 bed hostel in Bristol for a minimum period of six months. Seperate accommodation provided, plus £37.00 p/w. Please contact, Redwood House, 1 Wade Street, St. Judes, Bristol. BS2 9DS. Tel: (0272) 556358.

CAMBRIDGE. Women needed to work with incest survivors. Scope for hostel work, outreach & information work, fundraising & project work. Training provided + opportunities to develop areas of interest. Expenses paid. We are a feminist collective committed to developing an equal opportunities policy. Telephone Cambridge 314438 (24 hour ansaphone).

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Classified Advertising

Display advertisement copy to be set – Monday noon
Lineage – Friday (prior to publication on following week)
Camera ready artwork – Tuesday
Classified Display Rates:
Standard Rate: £18.00 per s.c.c.
Voluntary Organisations: £11.00 per s.c.c.
Linage Rates: 50p per word (minimum 20 words) Box No. £2.50
All advertisements subject to VAT at 15%
Correspondence should be addressed to
Classified Advertisement Department
New Statesman & Society,
Foundation House, Perseverance Works,
38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ
Advertising Staff
Chris Gallagher (Acting Classified Manager)
Stephen Lafferty (Sales Executive)
Dominique Wright (Sales Executive)
Linda Ring (Advertising Secretary)
Dawn King (Production)
Telephone: 01-739-1645
Fax 01-739-9307
Telex 28449

Appointments

Adult Education Advice Worker

Salary: £8,481 to £13,251

(rising to £15,369)

Required from September 1989 to work within an established guidance service providing independent advice and counselling on education, training and careers. The successful applicant will be expected to develop outreach activities, the information base, educational guidance training and group counselling. Applicants should have experience in Further/Adult Education/Comunity/Advice work.

The initial contract will be till March 1990 but it is expected that the post will continue beyond that date.

Dudley Metropolitan Borough Council is an equal opportunities employer and we particularly welcome applicants from ethnic minorities, who are currently under-represented in the advice service.

Application forms/details available from Chief Education Officer, Westox House, 1 Trinity Road, Dudley DY1 1JB. Return by August 15, 1989.

WARWICKSHIRE
THE OLD SCHOOL, CHURCH END, ANSLEY NUNEATON, CV10 0QR.

Principal Child Care Officer (required September)
Salary Scale 5 £10,407 – £12,333.

Applications are invited from experienced and enthusiastic professionals who wish to make a significant contribution, to the work of a committed and caring staff team at the above, small, rural, independent school for people with severe emotional and behavioural difficulties.

Opened as a day school in September 1987, The Old School is offering a residential facility from September 1989.

The successful applicant will hold a key role in the development of this project.

Please contact Georgina Fudge, Head Teacher, for further details.

Closing date for applications: 18th August 1989.

CANTERBURY WOMENS REFUGE

needs a part-time refuge worker to start at the end of September. Salary £10,296 - £12,039 pro rata depending on experience and/or qualifications.

Closing date for applications 31st August. Interviews on 8th September.

Please apply PO Box 123 Canterbury, Kent with c.v. and letter of application. Job description will follow.

THE LANGLEY HOUSE TRUST

a national Christian venture in the after-care of the offender has vacancies for married or single

RESIDENTIAL STAFF TEAM LEADERS

to lead the staff team in our Drug Rehabilitative Home in the West Midlands. Our home is highly structured and we require mature and able Team Leaders to run this project for a very challenging and difficult client group.

If you feel led to apply for this appointment then please write for further details and an application form to:

Anthony Richards,
General Secretary,
Langley House Trust,
46 Market Square,
WITNEY OX8 6AL.

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50p per word (minimum 20 words) incl. VAT.
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No. of weeks ..... Remittance £.....

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Post coupon to:
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New Statesman & Society,
Freepost, London, E2 8BR

LEARNING ABOUT AIDS PROJECT

Training and Development Officers

As part of a continuing programme of development, the Learning about AIDS Project is to make a number of further appointments. Successful applicants will play a key role in promoting the use of a range of AIDS health education materials in the health service, in local authorities and in the voluntary sector. Applicants should possess a sound awareness of issues to do with HIV and AIDS, a commitment to participatory styles of health education/promotion, and relevant training experience.
Two full-time posts are available from 1 September or as soon as possible thereafter. Appointments will be made on either the Researcher A (£7,419-£8,481) or the Researcher B (£10,071-£13,251) scales, in accordance with prior qualifications and experience. The posts will run until 30 August 1990 in the first instance.
(Ref. no. R/174/NSS).
The project is also seeking to identify a number of part-time trainers to assist in dissemination. Payment will be on an hourly basis at £16.92 per hour. (Ref. no. L/175/NSS).
Informal enquiries may be made to the Project Director, Peter Aggleton, on 0272 741251 ext. 2214.
Interviews will be held in the first week in September.
For further information and an application form, to be returned by 23rd August 1989, please ring our 24 hour answer-phone service, Bristol 652861, or contact direct the Personnel Office, Bristol Polytechnic, Coldharbour Lane, Frenchay, Bristol, BS16 1QY on Bristol 656261 ext. 2216 or 2217.

Please quote appropriate reference number in all communications.

Bristol Polytechnic is an Equal Opportunities Employer and considers applicants on their suitability for the post regardless of sex, race, disability or sexual orientation.

Bristol Polytechnic

AS A MATTER OF FAX: 01 739 9307

Sandwell Metropolitan Borough Council

Department of Housing

COMMUNITY AND PARTICIPATION OFFICERS

P1 £13,497 - £14,559

(Re-advertisement - previous applicants will automatically be considered)

Responsible to the District Manager to develop and implement an area based community development strategy in order to encourage an efficient partnership between the Housing Department and tenants.

Given the multi-ethnic nature of Sandwell's population, candidates for this post will need to have appropriate social or language skills relevant to the community they intend to serve. These skills are a general occupational requirement as determined by Section 5 of the Race Relations Act 1976 and candidates from, or with an understanding of, ethnic minority communitites are encouraged to apply.

This post is suitable for job share. Interviews will be held on September 4th 1989. Closing date 24th August 1989.

Requests for application forms and job descriptions should be made to the Director of Housing, Council House, Smethwick, Warley, West Midlands, B66 3NT. Tel: 021-569-5052.

A Union membership agreement is in operation. Canvassing of members of the authority will disqualify. We welcome applications from people of ethnic minorities, women and people with disabilities, as they are under-represented in our workforce.

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Countryside and Water Recreation

Salary: £15,900—£20,000 inclusive (increase pending)

Established by Royal Charter in 1972, the Sports Council is responsible for the promotion and development of sport and physical recreation.

A vacancy has arisen in our Facilities Unit at Headquarters for a Higher Executive Officer to be concerned with the development and implementation of Sports Council policies relating to countryside and particularly water recreation. Duties include liaison with relevant national, regional and local bodies; co-ordinating advice and information on all aspects of water-based recreational development; initiating countryside and water-based sports and recreational projects.

Previous experience in water/countryside recreation is essential together with a degree in a relevant area. Excellent presentational skills and a high level of commitment are also required.

For further information and an application form, please telephone (01) 387 9062 (answerphone), quoting ref: 76/89/SDU, or write to Ms T. Hindmarsh, Personnel Unit, The Sports Council, 16 Upper Woburn Place, London WC1H 0QP. Closing date: 18th August 1989.

AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

SPORTS COUNCIL

RESOURCE CENTRE

WORKER
up to £15,396

(Information)

DO YOU HAVE THE ANSWERS?
DO YOU KNOW WHERE TO GET THEM?

Can you set up and run a comprehensive information service together with RAHP's (Redbridge Association for Handicapped People) Information Worker.

Be in at the start of something new and exciting. Join our new Resource Centre Team who are committed to deliver the best possible service to ALL people with disabilities in Redbridge. The Resource Centre works as a partnership with disabled people and those involved with their lives. The centre itself has been designed to be totally accessible to disabled people, be they service users OR service providers.

You should:

• Be a good organiser • Be committed to genuine user autonomy • Be able to put complex information into language people understand • Have at least two years experience in an advice or information giving agency • Be able to help us make our services appropriate to ALL members of the community • Have a basic knowledge of the application of computers in information systems.

Redbridge is committed to developing and supporting services sensitive to the diverse needs of the whole community. We welcome applications from people who have personal experience of working in this way.

For informal discussions, ring John Ward, on 01-989 5602, or Janet Wilkinson, on 01-478 3020 ext. 4063.

Application form, job description and further details from: Personnel Department, Directorate of Personal Services, 17/23 Clements Road, Ilford, Essex IG1 1BL. Telephone: 01-553 4306 (24 hour answering service).

Please quote reference: 0626.

Closing date for applications is 18th August, 1989

London Borough of
Redbridge

NUMAST

Oceanair House, 750 - 760 High Road, Leytonstone, London E11 3BB

PUBLIC RELATIONS AND RESEARCH ASSISTANT

NUMAST (The Union for Merchant Navy and Airline Officers) has a vacancy for a Public Relations and Research Assistant to support our Editor and Press Officer and generally provide help in all areas of PR/Editorial/Research Activities.

The post would suit someone educated to degree level and who has some previous relevant experience and who wishes to join a team working to advance the interests of the Union's membership.

For further information and an application form, write to John Newman - General Secretary or ring (01) 989 6677.

UNIVERSITY OF STRATHCLYDE
Department of Government

RESEARCH ASSISTANT

Applications are invited for a post of Research Assistant in the Community Council Resource Centre. This unit is funded by the City of Glasgow District Council and its duties are to assist Community Councils in Glasgow and to advise the District Council in the development of the system of Community Councils. Candidates from a wide range of backgrounds and experience will be considered, but knowledge of planning will be specially welcome. The appointment is for 6 months in the first instance, normally renewable. Salary: in range £10,458 - £16,014 pa.

Further particulars are available. Applications, (Ref. R60/89) in your own words, enclosing a CV and the names and addresses of two referees should be sent to Staff Office, University of Strathclyde, Glasgow, by 22 August 1989.

International Non-Governmental Organisation invite applications for following position in Clapham Secretariat:

Full-time secretary for international women's organisation. English mother tongue. Fluent French and Spanish. WP experience (pref. Apple Mac) Some overtime and travel.

Position covered by union agreement. Competitive salary and benefits.

Applications in writing to Box (28) 555.

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Call Julia or Dirk now on
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H&C CARE

Conference of Socialist Economists

BUSINESS MANAGER

17.5 hours p.w. £11,500 - £12,500 pro rata

To run CSE which publishes the journal Capital & Class and organises workshops and conferences on socialist economics. Admin. and computing skills required - experience of sales and promotion desirable.

Details: CSE, Cabin W, 25 Horsell Road, London N5 1XL. 01-607 9615.

Closing date: August 18th 1989.

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Opportunities in Sport

The Sports Council was established in 1972 to promote and develop sport and physical recreation. It has an active role in the promotion of participation, performance and excellence through a variety of programmes of development work and the provision of facilities.

We now have the following vacancies in the Development Unit which is directly responsible for the programmes designed to increase participation in sport and to achieve higher levels of performance:

Senior Executive Officer
(Performance and Excellence)

Salary: £19,000 – £24,000pa inclusive (increase pending)

The main duties will be to co-ordinate grant-aid programmes for national sports bodies, to develop and maintain a system of effective monitoring of the programmes and to assist in the provision of financial and forward planning services. Additional responsibility will be for the assessment of technical aspects of forward plans.

You will need relevant experience, a good degree in physical education, sports science, recreation or business management or other relevant subjects, as well as being highly motivated and with excellent presentation skills. (Ref: 91/89/DU).

Higher Executive Officers
(Participation)

Salary: £15,900 – £20,000pa inclusive (increase pending)

1. This post is concerned with programmes of work designed to increase participation among selected target groups. Initially there will be a special emphasis on co-ordinating the Council's Action Sport programme and the development and training programmes of Action Sport officers and other sports leaders in the community.

Experience of working in Action Sport programmes and outreach work complemented by a degree/diploma in recreational studies, physical education or other relevant disciplines will be an advantage. (Ref: 94/89/DU3/Grey).

2. The main emphasis of this post is on programmes of work designed to increase participation among a range of target groups – particularly women, young people, the elderly, disabled people, ethnic groups and those in the inner cities. Experience of working with such groups is essential, as is the ability to work with a range of partners involved in delivering the work programmes.

A good degree in recreation management, physical education or other relevant subjects is necessary, as is the ability to communicate at all levels. (Ref: 93/89/DU2).

Higher Executive Officer
(Performance and Excellence)

Salary: £15,900 – £20,000pa inclusive (increase pending)

The postholder will be concerned with the co-ordination and development of work programmes involving the investment of grant-aid designed to improve performance and achieve excellence in sport. Assisting governing bodies and related organisations in drawing up technical and financial plans will form part of the responsibilities of the post.

A degree in coaching, physical education, recreation or business management is essential. Numeracy and good presentational skills are also required. (Ref: 92/89/DU1).

To apply for any of the above vacancies and for further information, please quote the appropriate reference number, telephone (01) 387 9062 (answerphone) or write to Wendy Shuttleworth, Personnel Unit, The Sports Council, 16 Upper Woburn Place, London WC1H 0QP. Closing date: 18th August 1989.

AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

SPORTS COUNCIL

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
We have the following vacancies in our Education Welfare Team.

Education Welfare Officer

Please quote ref: EWO.

Temporary Education Welfare Officer

Until no later than 31st July 1990 (secondment cover)
Please quote ref: EWO/T.

£9,093 – £11,244 p.a. inc.

As an E.W.O. you will act as Liaison Officer between the home, school and Education Authority, providing support work in the home situation to complement work undertaken at school. You will have responsibility for developing social work strategies, support children and their families, within an educational framework, with Head Teachers, Educational Psychologists, Social Workers, the N.S.P.C.C. Probation Service and other relevant agencies. You will work as part of a team of EWOs attached to schools and will receive regular supervision from a Senior Education Welfare Officer who has responsibility for the day to day work of the team.

Previous experience within Education, Social Services or other welfare agencies and/or possession of CQSW/CSS qualification is required.

This post qualifies for a Casual Car Users Allowance. The Authority has a policy of secondment for professional training.

Closing date: 18th August 1989.
Please quote appropriate ref.
For further details and an application form please reply to the Personnel Section, Education Department, Education Offices, 379-383 High Street, Stratford, E15 or tel 01 519 5276 (24 hour answerphone).
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Studentships

Department of Health & Social Welfare

Research Studentship

in Ageing or Disability Studies

Applications are invited for a 3 year full-time higher degree research studentship, funded by the Open University, in Ageing or Disability Studies.

The studentship will be held in the Department of Health & Social Welfare which has an expanding research programme with particular strengths in ageing, disability studies (both mental handicap and physical disability) and health studies and nursing. A range of methodologies are used but there is a special interest in biographical analysis and a commitment to a multi-disciplinary approach in research and teaching.

Applicants should have a first class or upper second honours degree in a relevant subject or be able to demonstrate equivalent academic achievement or research competence.

Informal enquiries on Disability Studies can be made by telephone to Vic Finkelstein on (01) 348-1915 or on Ageing to Brian Gearing on (0908) 675961 or on either area to Professor Malcolm Johnson on Steeple Claydon (029673) 8005 or via the Department (0908) 653695.

Further details and an application form can be obtained by forwarding a postcard request, as soon as possible, to The Higher Degrees Office, P.O. Box 49, The Open University, Milton Keynes, MK7 6AD.

Equal Opportunity is University Policy.

The Open University

Course

UNIVERSITY OF BRADFORD DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC STUDIES

The Department of Social and Economic Studies offers one-year full-time and two-year part-time courses leading to the award of

MSc in RACE RELATIONS AND COMMUNITY STUDIES

Diploma in RACE RELATIONS AND COMMUNITY STUDIES

These courses commence 9 October 1989. Further information and application forms may be obtained from: The Admissions Secretary, Department of Social and Economic Studies, University of Bradford, West Yorkshire, BD7 1DP, tel 0274 733466 ext 6268.

Meeting

S.N. GOENKA talks on the Vipassana meditation. Friends Meeting House, Euston Road. 7 pm. Free admission. Telephone 352-1550.

Holidays/Travel

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Small group – escorted tours; low cost flights. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London, W4 2HD. or Telephone (01) 747-8315.

TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc Africa. SHL, 313a Hoe St, London, E17. 01-520-7911.

Property File

Property to Let

PIED A TERRE Kensington W14 in bright centrally located mansion flat. Suit mature n / s professional seeking comfortable not gracious living! £200 pcm. Write to Box (31) 634.

Services

CV ADVICE, preparation, word processing by Careers Counsellor / Recruitment Specialist. Also, Job Application Letters, Business Plans, Cash Flow Forecasts. 01-363 4180.

Booksellers

ECONOMICS COLLECTIONS BOUGHT. Also, review copies, Politics, History, Sociology, ECONOMISTS' BOOKSHOP, secondhand Dept. Ring for appointment. 01-405 8643.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, London, WC1 Telephone: 01-242 5822.

SCARCE BOOK SERVICE. List wants. 01-876 7254. Hammersmith Books, High Street, London, SW13 9LR.

Counselling

ANALYTIC COUNSELLOR, therapist, offers help with inner and contextual conflicts. Fees according to means. People have replied to this advertisement who have found that they are depressed at this time of year, and I think it would be useful to form a group to examine and resolve this. Any one else with these feelings, wishing to join, do call. 01-372 5101 (Central London) anytime.

Therapy

REFLEXOLOGY, NUTRITIONAL THERAPY, Bach remedies. Qualified experienced wholistic practitioner LORE HAUTHAL-SLEE M.I.I.R. Tel. Brighton 697533. Personal or telephone consultations.

Heartsearch

OLD FRIENDS

DOES LIFE BEGIN AT 40?

MARRIAGE, FRIENDSHIP or COMPANIONSHIP:
the introduction agency for the 40s, 50s, & 60s

Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, N5 2DB Telephone: 01-226 5432

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs, firm lasting relationships including marriage. All ages/areas, free details: Dept 828, 23 Abingdon Road, London W8. Telephone: (01) 938 1011.

SEEKING INTUITIVE, EMPATHIC young woman (23 - 35) open to experience, affectionate, considerate, independent, physically aware, sensual, imaginative, for mutually fulfilling, exciting close friendship and sexual relationship (maybe more?) with John (very young 40s), London. Photo please. Write Box (30) 611.

MALE, VERY YOUNG 50'S – bilingual French/English - professional, non political, humanist, non smoker, chief interests theatre, language, literature, music, some sport, needs to meet female, intelligent, slim, unattached, with sense of humour - East Midlands / Cambs - any age under about 50. Write Box (30) 618.

PROFESSIONAL MAN (40) 6ft 2 inch, warm, sociable and intelligent, in arid possibly terminal marriage seeks long-term caring relationship with interesting, intelligent woman (35-45) London area. Box (29) 601

WARM AFFECTIONATE MAN (very young 40s) seeks similar women (23-35), for lots of touching, imaginative eroticism, and good, close friendship, maybe more? Non-smoker. Photo? John (London) Box (29) 556

LONDON MAN, once-married, opsimath, enjoys Mozart and life, seeks small, clever, childfree, non-smoking 40s woman. Object: Mutual life-enhancement. Reply to Box (31) 638.

DRAWING DOWN THE MOON

The thinking person's introduction agency

'...sensitive staff and constant member support, with long-term relationships and even marriages as regular outcomes'. ***Guardian 28.6.89.***

For a friendly consultation ring
01-937 8880/ 01-938 2151

ADVENTUROUS WIDOW 60 + sexually active, interests travel, the Arts, wining, dining seeks like minded gentleman for occasional meetings London, Wiltshire. Write Box (31) 629.

ELEGANT, ERUDITE, AFFLUENT, passionate man, mid-forties, brown/greying hair, would love to meet lady for pleasurable daytime activities - initially for lunches, afternoons, mornings. You must be under 40, witty, stylish, sensual, petite/ slender (I am a slim 5'10"). Ideally London. Photo please. Box (31) 630.

INDEPENDENT, positive woman, 41, 5'8", slim, quite sporty, ususal Arts pursuits, pleasing career, two teenage sons, seeks honest, stable, professional man for cheerful, mututally nurturing, loving relationship. North Bucks. Please write to Box (31) 631.

WARM, WITTY, PRETTY WOMAN will smooth your brow and crumple your sheets in exchange for a place to rest her head. Phone, photo. Replies to Box (31) 632.

GENT SEEKS ACTIVE LADY companion of substance any age to 70 interested in giving up cold climate in preference for a warm Caribbean climate. Reply to Box (31) 633.

YORKSHIRE BASED, educated, professional man (45) former lecturer, now working in the media, seeks attractive woman (over 30) for intelligent & sociable friendship. Photo? Box (31) 634.

ARTISTIC LADY (50) slim, vivacious sensitive, kind seeks perceptive, humorous well educated male who loves books, music, travel and having fun. London/Home Counties. Box (31) 635.

ARE YOU A WOMAN living in London who would like a loving relationship with a man with green/socialist views who is in his late 30's? Does it help to know I like talking, laughing, cycling and music, but dislike pubs, snobs. Then I'd love to hear from you. Box (29) 557.

WANTED: Male friends for platonic relationship. If you want the pleasures of female company without all the entanglements of a heterosexual relationship, take the plunge and answer this ad. Please write to Box (31) 637.

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Could you compare the young people of Britain and Japan?

Entries are now invited for the third annual award to commemorate the late Charles Douglas-Home, former editor of The Times.

The subject is to be a comparison of the education and development of Japanese and British children and teenagers. Entrants will have to submit a project for original research into the children's contrasting family and community life , attitudes, aspirations and expectations.

The winner will receive a grant of up to £15,000 from the Charles Douglas-Home Memorial Trust, and will be expected to spend some time in Japan during 1990. The completed work will be written with a view to publication in book form and serialisation in The Times.

Application forms can be obtained from Dr Barbara Day, 4 Offord Road, London N1 1DL, and the closing date for entries is September 15 1989. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

THE TIMES

ENDGAMES

WEEKEND CROSSWORD

No 3088 Set by Tiny Tim
Cautionary tales, à la Hilaire Belloc, recounting the real misfortunes of public figures. In by 17 August.

No 3085 Set by E O Parrott
A really arresting opening sentence from an autobiography.

Report by Tiny Tim
A lot of you had the idea of posthumous autobiography, which I found quite funny the first time but not thereafter, so none of those entries won. Stories about being raised by animals were also popular—June F Langfield did it better than anyone else. Some people sent in fictional autobiographies of real people, but I preferred ones that promised astonishing revelations about the great —like Frank Lewis's entry. All in all a jolly good effort; £7 per winner.

To be born at midnight on the Khyber Pass must seem an unpromising start to one's life; but since my mother was a trained midwife, my father not only benignly drunk but on principle prepared to turn his hand to anything, and the warring tribesmen of that region too busy with their observance of Ramadan to concern themselves with the eccentricities of English tourists, the event passed without major incident, except for the matter of the demented goat.

Watson Weeks

Little did I think that the nubile teenager who lay naked in my young arms in my Grantham bed-sit was destined to become Prime Minister of Great Britain.

Frank Lewis

Since I was only three years old at the time of the double murder of my father and mother, the police can perhaps be forgiven for failing to connect me with that event.

Noel Petty

The strange chain of circumstances by which, as a child of seven, I found myself roaming the African plains with a group of magnificent lions who regarded me as their queen will, I hope, become clear during the course of my story.

June F Langfield

It was Lord Lucan who said to me, in July 1987, that I should write my autobiography, and in view of the mystery and intrigue that surrounds my own life, I had to agree.

Katie Mallett

Right from the start I was different from most others, being born at dawn on 3 May 1927, not of a woman but from Sergeant William Bullet of the King's Hussars.

George Moor

GRAFFITI BY PAIGE

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SALAMANCA

COLLINS DICTIONARIES

PRIZES: Copies of the *Collins Concise English Dictionary* for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 151, New Statesman and Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London E2 8DQ, by first post 28 August.

SALAMANCA: 151 "Sardines"
Some squares contain more than one letter but not as many as four, and taken as a group in row order these are self-explanatory.

ACROSS

1. It holds pieces of rough sycamore etc. which person's cutting
6. Laughs when king's back's turned?
10. Armoured flag-bearer in order being tenth rank
12. Child (*this* child *could* be a little monkey!)
14. You've to spend year coupled: what will it do?
15. Stoop or duck head perhaps if this is low?
16. Scots multitude taking time to hover round end of pier
19. Irish Gaelic, the ideal contents for little volumes of poetry?
20. Easterners, somewhat special, apart from the rest perhaps
21. At rear black stuff providing escape cover
22. No longer guesses when contents are studied
23. Archaeologists might put up here?
24. Every way old dwarf's moving
25. I'd pigs to tend caught, say, on hill
27. One running in street competed thus?
30. Stop and observe conduct
31. Like a puppet, leading effigy in non-Christian time
33. Jock's pitiful one's surrounded by females mostly
34. Involved with solving etc.
35. Alien? Who tore Hurt, say, with radical extremes, after taking food?
36. Expert spy: elusive one hunted's a non-starter
37. Old composer/player, one who thinks about score with no name

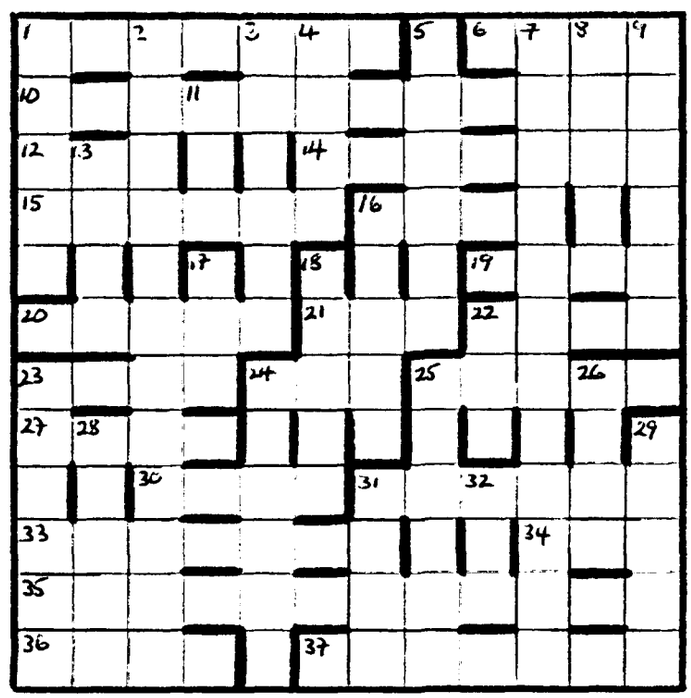
DOWN

1. Downward path made by runners going over edge of descent
2. No longer flogging e.g. nipper which misbehaves
3. Monkey males hidden by grass mostly
4. Steer youngsters upstairs
5. Part of bridge on which to pussyfoot?
7. Making a magic mantra, *this* clue would be
8. Bantu people found in this place by River that's huge
9. Designates hands (modes of writing)
11. Gully in Shetland region
13. On heath see a type of hemp
16. Made a monarch of, then given rod for waving?
17. (In glass) make sure it's left when raised
18. Lag tied up thus?
22. Once explained Russian contents of notice
23. Approached with awful wonder (2 words)
24. Concedes when no longer mean within
25. Practice runs as they used to be with leading parts of each roundly scanned in their usual locations?
26. A leading theatrical person's make-up
28. Chief (almost) former crime writer?
29. I'd engrave and so on most of bust
31. Country coming between Europe and Russia?
32. Old tax to deprive one of what's essential

Solution to Salamanca 149

P	C	O	L	D	O	R	E	L	I	E	F	
E	N	O	C	A	R	B	A	U	N	T	D	
A	P	P	U	I	L	E	T	T	S	E	A	
R	O	A	R	N	P	A	I	Z	T	E	R	
L	O	S	E	T	E	R	S	B	A	R	K	
Y	P	T	D	D	A	Y	H	G	R	A	F	
R	O	R	E	K	R	I	N	J	E	O	E	
E	X	I	T	O	P	N	E	U	S	T	A	
J	L	P	R	B	U	G	A	O	M	I	T	
Q	U	E	E	N	L	E	R	U	N	C	H	
U	N	R	E	E	L	E	C	T	O	K	E	
E	L	S	E	W	T	H	I	T	H	E	R	

Prizewinners to Salamanca 149
C Usher, Reading
M A L Willey, Leeds
M Stokes, Bristol



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THROW A LIFELINE TO THE WORLD'S DISAPPEARING RAINFORESTS

"Lifeline's excellent initiative will help us all to put the world's rainforests up front – before it's too late." **Jonathon Porritt. Director.**

Jonathon Porritt

Friends of the Earth

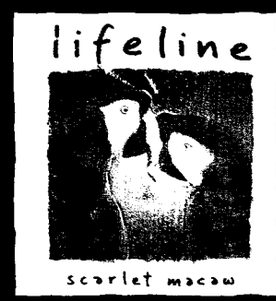
"Rainforests and their inhabitants – CONSIDER THEM GONE – if we don't act now. Each LIFELINE T-shirt helps them survive." **STING.**

Rainforest Foundation.

The message from LIFELINE'S colourful T-shirts is simple: SAVE OUR RAINFORESTS. The revenue raised from their sale goes some way towards making this a reality.

1

£1 from each T-shirt goes directly to the RAINFOREST CONSERVATION campaigns of FRIENDS OF THE EARTH, SURVIVAL INTERNATIONAL, THE RAINFOREST FOUNDATION (founded by STING) and THE FOREST PEOPLES' SUPPORT GROUP (GAIA FOUNDATION).



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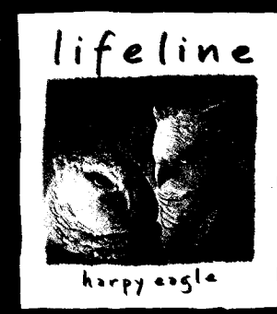

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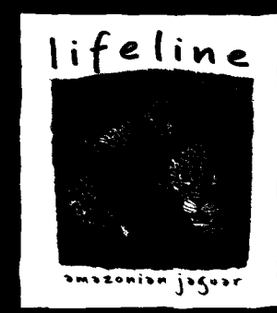

6

The LIFELINE T-shirts have a further aim – to raise finance to create a chain of prominent high street centres 'ECO–THE GREEN SHOP'. ECO shops will channel consumer power into green issues. They will offer computer-linked environmental information centres, selling ecologically safe products and goods from conservation groups. Further information from: LIFELINE, 45 Shelton St., London WC2H 9HJ.

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2. SCARLET MACAWS	XL		
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4. HARPY EAGLE	XL		
5. IGUANA	XL		
6. AMAZONIAN JAGUAR	XL		
CHILDREN'S T-SHIRTS–£7.50 each			
7. RED-EYED TREE FROG (only) AGE	2-4		
8. RED-EYED TREE FROG (only) AGE	5-8		
DIRECT DONATION TO THE RAINFOREST GROUPS			
		TOTAL	

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